£2,678 DIVIDED THIS WEEK

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance.

OUR NEW LIMERICK.

Said a young man: I've broken, I fear,
All my good resolutions each year;
But I promise and vow
On my life that from now

WHAT DID THE YOUNG MAN VOW?

A clever idea may bring you a good big cheque.

[See inside.]

No. 911.] Price, One Penny. Registered for Transmission to Canada. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 2, 1908. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

'Buy to-day.
Make use of time.
Let not advantage slip.'

"No Better Food."
Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., etc.

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."
—*Sir CHAS. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,*
Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

THE VALUE OF JAVOL

THE ÉLITE OF HAIR TONICS

Rests on the simple fact that IT IS better than any other hair tonic, and considerably better too. No one seriously challenges that point. You may waste money buying second or third-rate tonics, but if you want *the* BEST—JAVOL stands alone.

In flasks 5s. 6d., 3s. and 1s. (with coupon).
Javol Shampoo, 3d. & 1s. (box of five).
Crème Javol, 2s. For the Complexion.

Bottles nearer to a Pt. flask of JAVOL for trial at 1/- on presentation to any Chemist—failing him, send P.O. 1/- direct. S1

Of all up-to-date Chemists.

LAMONT, CORLISS & Co., 11 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

The Housewife's Friend.

"VASELINE"

The Everyday Need.

SIX USEFUL TRIAL SAMPLES, POST FREE, 6d.

"VASELINE" is the base of so many preparations for which there is an everyday use. The Trial Sample Set of Six Preparations is intended to introduce you to the many merits of "VASELINE." The "VASELINE" Preparations are sold by all Chemists.

For giving beautiful complexions—for renewing the hair and preventing baldness—for healing all skin troubles—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a Vaseline preparation for all these and much more—for details see booklet.

SAMPLE BOXES CONTAIN SIX ARTICLES:—1 Tube White "Vaseline." 1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline." 1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline." 1 Tin Pure "Vaseline." 1 Tin "Vaseline" Cold Cream. 1 Tin "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.

Send 6d. in Stamps (½d. stamps preferred) to the—

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors of "Vaseline."
42 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
And one will be forwarded post free.

JU-VIS

You simply drop a 1d. tablet of Ju-Vis into a breakfast cup of boiling water to make a most wholesome, delicious

BEEF TEA

improved by valuable vegetable additions. Tablets sold in 1d., 3½d., and 10½d. sizes.

Fluid Ju-Vis is preferred by many for its delicate flavour. It is far cheaper than the usual Fluid Extracts.

2-oz. bottle, 6½d.; 4-oz. 11½d.; 8-oz. 1/9.

[illegible] for a [illegible]phlet explaining how all Nervous and Organic Derangements and Varicocele may be successfully treated without stomach medication. The method is easy and pleasant, and will effect a perfect and permanent cure. Sent in plain sealed envelope, post free.

E. B. NORTON, 59 and 60 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

Over thirty years' continuous success.

Delicious COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

Better than Cod Liver Oil . . . .

REAL DEVONSHIRE CREAM (CLOTTED), absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids, ½lb., 1s. 4d.; 1lb., 2s. 4d.; 2lb., 4s. 4d., free; supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford, Lichfield, etc., by

Mrs. CONYERS, BRIDESTOW, S.O., DEVONSHIRE.

[K]EATING'S COUGH LOZENGES

Composed only of purest, simple Drugs. The most delicate in Health may use them in perfect confidence.

They are emphatically the best Cough Remedy ever made.

Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each

HEADACHE Cured in Ten Minutes.

One Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post. Write to C. H. KAPUTINE, Kaputine Works, Wakefield.

Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores Everywhere, Packets of 12 doses 1s. Samples, 1d.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

	Bordered. per doz.	Hem-stitched. per doz.
Children's	1/3	
Ladies'	2/6	2/9
Gents'	3/6	3/11

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen.*

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars, Gentlemen's four-fold from 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.

Matchless Shirts, with 4-fold Fronts, and Cuffs and Bodies of fine Longcloth, 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—*Myra's Journal.*

N.B.—All Letter Orders & inquiries for Samples should be sent to 38w Donegall Place, Belfast.

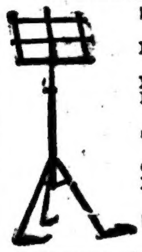
TIRED MEN

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this paper.

A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C. Over [illegible] years' successful results.

When writing to Advertisers *Please Mention* PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

MUSIC STANDS,



Light, Portable, Folding Stands.

No. 0 (Gold Bronzed Iron), 2/-, 3 for 5/6.

No. 6 (Heavier Pattern with Brass centre Tube), 3/6, 3 for 9/9.

No. 8 (Special Nickel Plated), 3/6, 3 for 9/9.

Carriage Paid in United Kingdom.

Full Catalogue post free from Manufacturer,

HENRY RILEY, Constitution Hill, Birmingham.

BOON TO MEN

Nervous and Physical Weaknesses—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and other allied diseases. Send for Treatise, with full particulars, including Hundreds of Testimonials of complete Cures. No Electricity. Sent sealed free.

J. L. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

DAILY EXPRESS

The Most Reliable Morning Paper.

ONE HALFPENNY.

To Smokers

MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE, SIR: IT IS TWICE AS GOOD

Cigarette AG Paper

BEST & PUREST.

LARGEST [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years.).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilcochia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc., and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians, 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

PRETTY POTTERY DIRECT FROM POTTERIES.—Single sets at Wholesale Prices. Tea Sets from 2/9, Dinner Sets from 9/3. Famous Guinea Package, 4 splendid sets, all decorated to match, 21/- complete. Handsome services for presents. Art Catalogue free, everything factory prices. Testimonials and press recommendations earned by years of satisfactory direct trading.—Century Pottery Co., Dept. R (The Leading Pottery Mail Order Firm) Burslem, Staffs.

ASTROLOGY.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to Mdme. Estella, Claudon, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope.

EXTRA POCKET MONEY. We give most money for Gold Jewellery, Watches, Rings, Trinkets, Silver, Diamonds, Pearls, Emeralds, Antiques, and Curios.

WE ALSO BUY OLD FALSE TEETH. Send them to us, and we will send you cash offer per return of post. If offer not accepted, goods immediately returned.

R. D. & J. B. FRASER, Ltd., Goldsmiths, Desk No. 109, PRINCES STREET, IPSWICH. (Established 75 years ago by late R. D. Fraser.) References: Capital and Counties Bank. Telephone: 34, Ipswich.

STYLISH SUIT LENGTHS, 10/6 to 22/-, or smart suits to measure, 22/6 to 51/-. Splendid value. Latest selection. Patterns free.—Groves & Lindley, Manufacturers, Dept. 4, Huddersfield.

BRITISH CALCULATORS instantly add £ s. d., price 63/-.—220 Belfast Rd., Stoke Newington.

CORNS.—Absolutely the best remedy known; 1/- bottle.—Cure, 37 Ashchurch Grove, Shepherd's Bush.

PICTURE POST-CARDS.—3/4 worth for 1/3. —Clearance Sale of several millions of the famous Wrench series of charming collotype views of town and country. Packet of 100 (No. 401), post free from Owen Meredith, Market Square, Bromley, S.E.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE.—Two Octagonal Thessaly to collectors sending 1d. postage. Mention gift 345. "A.B.C." priced Catalogue for 1908, 780 pages, nearly 5,000 illustrations, 1/9; now ready.—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

DUBLIN Mercantile Organization, Merchants' Quay. Inquiries, 9d.

STRENGTH: How Lost; How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

PICTURE POST-CARDS.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, 2d.—Stevenson & Co., 45 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

EGGS from your own pure-bred pullets directly, best sort in condition for confinement.—Write for particulars, Dyer, Curry Rivel, Somerset.

FREE.—Thirty assorted samples of the famous Rob Roy Pens, 2d., post free.—H. Hinks, Wells & Co., Birmingham.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele, and its consequent nervous troubles, should send for Illustrated Treatise giving full particulars and testimonials showing successful cures. Sent sealed, post free.—The Marston Co., 59 Chancery Lane, London. Established 40 years.

METAL WORK.—Many useful and decorative articles may be made by the amateur worker in Iron, Brass, Zinc, Copper, etc., and the best book he could buy on the subject is "Metal Work," by George Day, F.R.M.S. It contains many beautiful designs and diagrams, and may be had post free for 1/3, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. (P.W. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

STAFFORDSHIRE CROCKERY direct.—4 splendid sets, packed free and carriage paid, for 21/-. Catalogue free. Every kind of dainty pottery.—Teapot Manfr. Co. (K), Hanley, Staffs.

DON'T BUY CHINA UNTIL you have seen our new Illustrated Free Catalogue. Bargains never before equalled in the china trade. Tea Sets and Toilets, from 2/-; Dinner Sets, from 4/-. Seconds a Speciality. Badged Ware for all purposes. —Royal Crown Pottery (Dept. 6), Tunstall, Staffs.

LADIES' High-class, Second-hand **CLOTHING.** Catalogue sent.—Madame Dupont, 98 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.

CHARACTER & DESTINY REVEALED. —Send birth date and P.O. 1/1 for horoscope, to "Sirius," 3 St. George's Terrace, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

VIOLIN OUTFITS, 10/-, 15/-, 21/-, and upwards.—J. Foster, North Road, Cowdenbeath, Fife.

PUZZLE BALL-BEARING POCKET KNIFE.—Easiest opened **KNIFE** invented. No broken fingernails. Two blades. Ordinary covering, 1/6; Ivory, 1/9; Pluto Silver, 2/-; Hall-marked Silver, 6/-. Buy one and puzzle your friends. Agents wanted. Trade supplied.—Knight, 1 Mountfield Gardens, Tunbridge Wells.

100,000 YARDS PURE LINEN LACE to be sold at 1½d. the yard, usually costs 6½d.—Write for patterns, Marshall, "Marshall's Corner," Portsmouth.

LADIES.—GAUTIER'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS never fail. The numerous testimonials received testify to their merits. Price, 1/3 and 2/9, extra strong 4/6. Sample two stamps.—Baldwin & Co., Chemists, Electric Parade, Holloway, London. Ladies' guide to health sent free.

MACGREGOR'S REAL SCOTCH WINCEY, the original and best. From 1/- per yard. White or coloured. Soft, dainty, durable, unshrinkable, better than flannel. Patterns post free.—Sole Agents, Greensmith & Downes, Edinburgh.

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. Coated with Gold, prepared with drugs worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. Prices post free in plain wrapper, 1/1½ (treble quantity), 2/9. Direct only from the I.R.S. Co., Dept. W., 145 Stockwell Road, London.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample and valuable Booklet explaining all about **BLANCHARD'S PILLS for LADIES,** the most effective remedy ever compounded.—Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study, and produces highest speed. Interesting booklet free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

LADIES should send two stamps for Booklet, containing particulars of our famous Herbal Remedies. —Northern Remedy Co., Chemists, 161 Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London.

FURS FOR DISPOSAL.—Rare bargain. Elegant 2½ ft. long rich Sable Brown Russian Fur Stole or Throwover, handsomely trimmed with ten tails, heads, and large Granny Muff to match; sacrifice 14/9, worth £3. Approval willingly.—Lombard, 284 Brixton Road, Stockwell, London.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—W. P. Powell Remedy Co., Replingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

ASTROLOGY.—Life Horoscope of Character, Marriage and Business, Changes, etc., accurately foretold. Send birth date, 1/- P.O., stamped envelope.—Mdme. Vernon, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

SIXPENCE PER WEEK will purchase Ladies' Furs, Jackets, [illegible], Gent's Overcoats, Boots, Suits, Blankets, [illegible], Watches, Marble Clocks, Sewing Machines, Musical Instruments, Rings, [illegible], Cutlery, Plated Goods, China, Beds, Quilts, etc. No Bicycles. 5/- and 10/-. Send no deposit; list free.—Fredk. Geo. Potter, Dereham Road, Norwich.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.—A capital handbook for the novice and also for the more advanced student is "How to Take and Fake Photographs," by Clive Holland. It contains all the information you require regarding the Dark Room, Cameras, Plates and Films, Exposure, Development of Negative, Printing, Mounting, etc., etc., and may be had post free for 1/2, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. (P.W. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

JUST FOUR WORDS!

A ha'penny postcard, with your name and address and the four words "SEND ME YOUR BOOK," sent at once to H. Samuel, 97 Market Street, Manchester, may constitute the initial step towards a bright and happy future.

H. SAMUEL'S FREE SAVINGS VOLUME

is a magnificent book of 170 large pages illustrating profusely. Turning over page after page is really equivalent to a visit to a large factory, the realistic pictures of

JEWELS, WATCHES, PLATE, &c.

—the choice of the world's best markets—rendering the actual handling of the articles unnecessary, the value being fully guaranteed by the

MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

GOLD GEM RINGS, 2/6; SILVER WATCHES, 6/6; SILVER BROOCHES, 1/6; &c.

NEW-YEAR FREE PRIZES for customers.

THE BOOK IS FREE! WRITE THE FOUR WORDS! SEND THE POSTCARD TO-DAY!

H. SAMUEL, 97 MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

THE RECORD SUM AWARDED: £56,790.

£2,678 THIS WEEK.

THE RECORD NUMBER REWARDED: 15,000.

EACH WINNING LINE GETS £133 18s.
£1,339 IN CONSOLATION GIFTS.

Every Entry Received is Carefully Scrutinised. | **The Judges Don't Read Names.** | **Awards are not made According to Geographical Schemes.** | **Awards are made for Merit Only.** | **Every Entry Received is Impartially Considered.**

The competition decided during the past week has been one of the most interesting. It was the one published in our Christmas Number, and there is **£2,678** to be distributed amongst **1,262** competitors. Since these competitions were begun seven months ago, the huge total of **£56,790** has been distributed amongst **15,000** successful competitors. These figures are not only the records for these contests, but both totals are thousands ahead of those of any other paper.

However, to come back to this week's awards, the sum available for the ten lines selected by Mr. Burgin and the Editor as the best and most original is **£1,339**, so that the prize for each winning line is **£133 18s.** Amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit, but who do not receive one of our big prizes, **£1,339** is distributed in consolation gifts.

The unfinished limerick was as follows:

Said a maid, "'Twould be really a treat
My friend Father Christmas to greet,
If only I thought
That for me he had brought

The last lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor, together with the names and addresses of the senders, are as follows:

A husband who would wipe his feet."
G. W. Jackson, Seamoor Road, Bournemouth, W.

What next year I may ask and entreat."
W. Watson, 27 Goddard Hall Road, Sheffield.

Endless gold—just a ring, plain and neat."
Prize divided by:
Mrs. Wall, "Craig-y-don," Penarth;
G. Iles, Sketty, near Swansea; and
F. G. Davies, 3 St. Michael's Road, Maesteg, Glamorgan.

Less chaff and a little more wheat."
J. Mundy, 2 Neale Street, Ipswich.

A subject thrice 'banned' at my feet."
E. Parkin, 47 High Street, Sydenham, S.E.

One who'd kiss and not tell, but repeat."
Mrs. D. Beck, 22 Richardland Road, Kilmarnock.

A 'new' love—the 'old' lies to repeat."
A. J. Leaper, Albany Works, Gunmaker's Lane, Bow.

A chaperon deaf and discreet."
Prize divided by:
J. Purdy, Denby Pottery, near Derby; and
R. Mackay, 97 Clements Road, East Ham.

Creaking boots to encase father's feet."
W. Tuite, 7 Eastholme, Southwold, Suffolk.

A proposal. (My age I secrete.)"
Miss M. Haddan, 20 Alleyn Park, Dulwich.

HOW AWARDS ARE MADE.

We don't favour one town more than another.
We read each last line carefully.
We don't make awards by favour.
We judge each entry impartially.
We don't give prizes by rotation.
We hold the records.
We don't give haphazard decisions.
We publish complete lists of awards.
We don't forget we have our reputation to maintain.
We give the biggest prizes.

I've broken, I fear, all my good resolutions each year.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a **postal order for sixpence**, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

☞ Mark your envelope "Resolutions" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, January 2nd.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number should be written in the space provided below. Where one P.O. is sent to cover more than one attempt the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) one-half will be divided amongst the senders of the ten lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize awarded to such a line will be divided equally amongst all competitors who send in that line.

Claims in respect of identical lines in Competition No. 32 must be made on or before Tuesday, January 21st.

The remaining one-half will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN and the EDITOR of "P.W.,"

who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

ENTRY FORM — **LIMERICK No. 32.**

Said a young man: I've broken, I fear,
All my good resolutions each year,
But I promise and vow
On my life that from now
_____
_____

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

No. of P.O. .....

LIST OF 1,249 RECIPIENTS OF CONSOLATION GIFTS.

To publish the full name and address of each competitor would occupy too much space. We therefore print only the name and initials of each person, together with the name of the town. Should any reader wish to know the full address of any one winner, this will be sent on receipt of a halfpenny stamp.

10 AT £10 EACH.

Clark, W., 7 Caledonian Place, Edinburgh.
Greenhous, Mrs., Park View, Clifton Road, Sutton Coldfield.
Harrison, F., 15 Carrshane, Birmingham.
Henderson, Mrs. C., 2 Lochend Rd., Leith, N.B.
Illingworth, Mrs., M. E., 7 Primrose Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.
Lawson, Mrs. F., Enborne Lodge, Newbury, Berks.
Moir, —, Spring Villa, Sydenham, Belfast.
Shackleford, Mrs. F., 107 Orts Rd., Reading.
Shaw, Mrs. L., 35 Cannon St., Hull.
Smith, A. H., 21 North Howard St., Gt. Yarmouth.

1,239 AT £1 EACH.

Abrahams, T., Kingswear.
Adamson, J., Chorlton-c.-H., M'tr
Aitchison, Mrs., Gerrard's Cross.
Aitken, J. B., Edinburgh.
Alder, F., Bristol.
Alexander, W., 11 Barns Ter., Ayr.
Alfred, E., Windsor Rd., Luton.
Alison, A., Oswestry.
Allan, W., Parkview, Leith.
Allard, H. R., So. Tottenham.
Allbutt, C., Old Colwyn.
Allen, R. T., Sheffield.
Allen, Miss M., Horfield, Br'l.
Amies, J., Leicester.
Amon, J., Red Lion, Rye.
Amphlett, H. J., Gloucester.
Anderson, B. E., Redhill.
Anderson, D. R., Dundee.
Anderson, E., Leith.
Andrew, Mrs., Ashton-u.-Lyne.
Andrews, L., Wood Green.
Andrews, W. E., Clapton.
Annett, H., Chelsea.
Archer, Mrs. G., Harehills, L'ds.
Archer, J., Openshaw.
Arden, Mrs., Winchester.
Arman, Miss K., Roath.
Armitage, A., Isleworth.
Arnold, A., Wealdstone.
Arnold, A. E., Redhill.
Arnold, A. H., Tring.
Ashby, R. P., Gt. Grimsby.
Ashby, H., Brixton Hill.
Ashford, C. J., Winchester.
Ashton, Mrs., Chingford.
Atkinson, Mrs., Levenshulme, M'ter.
Austin, L., W. Norwood.
Ayres, Mrs., Maidstone.
Bagshaw, Miss A., Belfast.
Bagshaw, H., Handsw'th, B'ham.
Bailes, Mrs. T., Durham.
Bailey, A. A., Cranbrook.
Bailey, O. S., Bristol.
Baird, J., Wishaw, N.B.
Baker, Miss A., B'ham.
Baldwin, A. V., Sparkhill, B'ham.
Baldwin, Mrs., Stourport.
Bale, E., Charlton.
Bamford, F. L., Stafford.
Barber, C. R., New Tredegar.
Barclay, Miss E., Edinburgh.
Barker, J., Upton Park.
Baines, J. H., Bradford.
Barrett, J. B., Little Sheff'rd.
Barrington, A., W. Hampstead.
Barter, C., Plymouth.
Bartlett, W. G., Edinburgh.
Barton, E., Chapel, S'hampton.
Barton, J. E., Paris.
Barton, T. G., Beckenham.
Basham, L. L., King's Lynn.
Bate, Mrs. W., Cardiff.
Bateman, A., W'hampton.
Bates, W., Saltash.
Batson, Miss M., Shepherd's Bush.
Baxter, P., Lurgan, Ire.
Baxter, W., Sunderland.
Bayford, T. C., Brixton.
Beasley, R. A., Chertsey.
Beaumont, H. K., Wood Green.
Beckwith, A. C., Hornsey.
Beeley, S. H., Sutton-in-Ashfield.
Beilby, Mrs., Lamyat, Bath.
Bell, Mrs., Retford.
Bell, F. H., Portsmouth.
Bell, Jnr., J., Cupar, Fife.
Bell, W. P., Westcliff-on-Sea.
Bellairs, Dr., Cheltenham.
Bennee, E., Tollington Pk.
Bennett, J., Thetford.
Bentham, J. T., Wolverhampton.
Bennett, W. F., Cork, Ire.
Beatley, C., Camberwell.
Bentley, E., Coventry.
Bentley, F., Hoxton.
Berger, J., Dulwich.
Berlein, R., Grosvenor Rd.
Berride, H. C., Kentish Town.
Berry, E. C., Swindon, Mid'r.
Berwick, Mrs. F. A., Penarth.
Bevan, H., Acocks Gn., B'ham.
Beveridge, W., Ayr, N.B.
Bickle, E., Up. Knowle, Br'l.
Bird, H. E., Farnham.
Bishop, O., Newton Abbott.
Black, H. J., Glasgow.
Blackmore, P., Totnes.
Blashfield, H. E., Cheltenham.
Blick, Miss N., Stonehouse, Glos.
Birch, W. T., Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Black, A., Alloa, N.B.
Blackburn, M., Middlesbro'.
Bowden, J., Portsmouth.
Blight, J., Exeter.
Blight, R., Sand Place, R.S.O.
Blossome, W., Woodbridge.
Bodington, J., Harborne, B'ham.
Bonberry, W. E., Moseley, B'ham.
Bond, R. J., Scarborough.
Booker, W. J., Bristol.
Bourdeanx, Mrs., Acocks Gn., B'm
Bourne, Mrs., Barrow.
Bourne, T., Longport.
Bowden, H., Plymouth.
Bowen, A. E., Faukner St., L'l.
Bower, Mrs., W. Hartlepool.
Bowker, W., Moseley, B'ham.
Boycott, F. E., Aberystwyth.
Brabant, Miss E., Whitley Bay.
Bradford, L., Edgbaston, B'ham.
Bradock, P., Preston.
Bramwell, Mrs., Southport.
Brash, Miss N., Leslie, Fife.
Bramber, Mrs., Alva, N.B.
Bretherton, J., Preston.
Brett, J. W., Pudsey, nr. Leeds.
Brewer, A., Hove, Sussex.
Briden, W. H., Enfield Lock.
Bridge, Miss A. M., Chelsea.
Brierley, R. L., Manchester.
Broad, F. C., Cheltenham.
Brodrick, D., Dublin.
Broom, W., Tonbridge.
Brophy, Mrs., Sale, Ches.
Bruton, E., Munster Sq., N.W.
Brooke, G., Louth, Lincs.
Brooks, Mrs., Eltham.
Brown, A., Glasgow.
Brown, A., Derby.
Brown, H. E., Tooting.
Brown, J. O., Walton, L'l.
Brown, Mrs., Peterboro'.
Brown, P., Stockton-on-Tees.
Brown, R., Uplawmoor, Gl'w.
Brown, W., Edinburgh.
Brown, W., Dale St., Lancaster.
Browne, J., Anderston, Gl'w.
Browne, Miss N., Queenst'n, Ire.
Browning, Mrs., Filton, Br'l.
Browning, A. J., Finsbury Pk.
Brumby, Sgt.-Mj., Naas, Ire.
Bryant, C. E., Cambridge.
Buck, Miss C., Wealdstone.
Bulen, W., W. Hartlepool.
Burgess, C. J., Pontypool.
Burkhardt, H., Newcastle.
Burnby, Miss, Grantham.
Burnett, S. L., Westminster.
Burtt, H. E., Newark, Notts.
Butler, P. G., Forest Gate.
Buttenbender, A., Brentsbury.
Butterwick, A. J., S. Hackney.
Buxton, A., Lugard Rd., Peckh'm
Byford, W., Braintree.
Bylee, C. H., St. Leonards on Sea.
Calder, J. S., Newington, Edin.
Cameron, H. J., Exmouth.
Cameron, S. C., Joppa, Edin.
Campbell, Mrs., Leopold Pl., Edin.
Campbell, H., Shepherd's Bush.
Campion, T. B., Walthamstow.
Candler, W., Hartlepool.
Cannon, T., G.P.O., Dublin.
Capleton, E., Leytonstone.
Cardew, Capt. P. A., Woking.
Cary, R. R., Market Rasen.
Carlisle, Miss M., Bangor, Ire.
Carr, J., Buckingham Rd., Woford.
Carr, W. H., Luton Rd., Chatham.
Carter, Miss W., Rochester.
Cartwright, C., Stourbridge.
Causer, C. H., Penn, W'hampton.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

How To Play Badminton.

By ALBERT D. PREBBLE.

[*Mr. Prebble is one of the most famous of Badminton players. For the benefit of those who are not already acquainted with Badminton, it may be added that it bears a general resemblance to lawn tennis, the chief point of difference being that, instead of a ball, a shuttlecock is used, and all strokes are made on the volley. Scoring, however, is the same as at racquets, not lawn tennis. The rules of the game may be obtained from any athletic outfitter, or direct from Messrs. Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, E.C.*]

ABILITY to keep one's temper is, of course, essential to success at any game, but perhaps in no other case in such a marked degree as at Badminton.

For one thing, the game is in a great measure a contest of wits and "slimness," full of tricky manœuvres, and, to the opponent, exasperating wiles, and mere brute force cannot compel victory.

Then, at most other games the player who for any reason is thrown off his mental balance usually has time to recover himself, but not so at Badminton. The game is now played at such a tremendous pace that the player who allows himself to become flurried or irritated, has lost the match before he is well aware of what is happening.

And so, all things considered, I should rank a calm, not-easily-ruffled temperament as the most valuable general quality for a Badminton player to possess.

Of course, this is a more or less natural gift, but it can be acquired and cultivated by even the shortest-tempered, and must be, so far as any hope of success is concerned. Then, as already said, the game is played at a great pace, and this calls for activity and quickness, not only of mind, but of body.

This was not always so. In the early days of the game the main idea was to keep the shuttlecock in the air as long as possible; and to give your opponent a difficult return, or to try to outwit him by "placing," or any other manœuvre was, on the whole, considered rather "bad form." This idea, I believe, still holds good in India, where the game originally flourished; but in England, at all events, the great thing is now accurate "placing" and to keep your opponent on the run all the time, and, consequently, a game of Badminton is a severe test of activity and endurance, and the player must be quick on his feet.

Never put the body into the stroke.

At the same time, as the court is small and as judgment and "intelligent anticipation" can more than atone for a slight lack of agility, there is no reason why a man should not hold his own in first-class company until he is well on towards fifty. Indeed, I know one still distinctly "useful" player who was seventy-three on his last birthday!

But no man, no matter how young, strong, or active he may be, can play Badminton for long unless he plays it properly, and the first great rule for the beginner to remember is never to put the body into the stroke. I am aware that there have been first-class players who used their bodies as the tennis-player uses his; but their careers were short-lived, and to use the body at Badminton is to run a very real risk of more or less severely straining yourself.

At most other bat and ball games the player returning the ball has some resistance to overcome, and therefore throws his weight into the stroke; but the Badminton shuttlecock offers absolutely no resistance, and the player who lets his body go with his arm encounters the disagreeable jar and shock of the boxer who misses his aim and hits the air, apart from the fact that he might lose his balance.

Therefore, at Badminton, the stroke should be made entirely with the arm and shoulder, and the trunk kept as immobile as possible, otherwise you are almost certain to strain the abdominal muscles.

The correct position for backhand play.

Then, as a general direction, the player should pivot on the left foot, which is kept slightly advanced, the right foot being placed lightly on the ground ready to move in any direction. But there is one important exception to the rule of left foot in front and supporting the weight of the body, and that is for the backhand stroke.

Backhand play is, to my mind, strangely neglected in those days, for it is extremely effective when properly carried out. Yet there are not more than a dozen players who employ the backhand stroke with any advantage, and I fancy the reason is that the average player does not know how to make it.

The tyro usually tries to play backhand with the left foot advanced and the hand twisted round, so that the palm is in front. This is precisely the way not to play the stroke, and if persevered in will almost infallibly result in strain. The right foot should be advanced, with the weight of the body thrown on it, and the back of the hand should be in front, which may sound Irish, but is an essential point to remember.

You have only to put yourself in the two positions to see which is incorrect and why. In the former you are insecurely balanced on the left foot, for the weight of the body is behind, and to the side of what should be its support, and the arm and wrist are in an awkward and strained position, with no power in them, whereas in the proper attitude the body rests easily and firmly on the right foot, and the arm swings forward in an easy, sweeping movement, the elbow, as it should in *all* strokes, being kept in shaping for the stroke close to the body.

Service must be given from below the waist.

I should strongly advise the beginner to cultivate backhand play, not only as a means of saving his wind and feet, but as enabling him to give a return, the direction of which can seldom be accurately ganged, as in the case of the ordinary forehand stroke. But remember that backhand play is worse than useless unless you follow the directions already mentioned.

I do not know that there is any other stroke calling for particular comment. The broad principle, of course, is to return or deliver the shuttlecock so as to force your opponent to play it up when you can smash it *down* with fiendish, but, I hope, dissembled glee, and equally, of course, this object is best attained by playing the shuttlecock just over the top of the net and where he cannot reach it until it is close to the ground.

In regard to service, now that it must be delivered from below the waist, there is practically only one special stroke, and this is only capable off employment when you are serving from the right hand court. There is nothing more in it than to serve so as to force your opponent either to make a backhand return or to run round for the forehand stroke. That is all, but it is a service that requires and is worth a good deal of attention.

Now I turn to perhaps the greatest charm and attraction in the game—finessing.

Here everything must depend on the player's individual cunning, judgment, and accuracy, and it is impossible to lay down any precise rules. But, as an example of an effective finessing stroke, I may mention the pretended drive or smash which looks like sending the shuttlecock to the back line, and instead drops it just over the net.

As the first-class bowler at cricket learns to disguise his pace, so the would-be champion at Badminton must learn to disguise the force of his return.

If he can also disguise the direction of his shot, so much the better, but this is extremely difficult except in the case of backhand strokes. Some players go in for holding the racquet at various angles, so as to drive the shuttlecock back on an oblique and unexpected course; but, as a rule, this kind of stroke is far too risky.

In conclusion, I cordially recommend Badminton to anyone who has not yet tried it. True, it is an indoor game, at least, in England, but, as such, I think it ranks supreme. It calls forth to the utmost the manly qualities of self-control and coolness, activity of mind and body, quickness of hand and eye, and supremely for what is called "head" in general.

It can be played as well by artificial light as by day, and is thus especially suited to busy professional men, and it provides a maximum of exhilarating and enjoyable exercise at a very moderate cost.

But there is one danger I must warn the beginner against, and that is the almost fatal fascination of the game. I know many men who appear to live solely for Badminton, and have especially in my mind a certain Army officer.

He is a distinguished warrior who has served in all parts of the world; but if you ask him about any of the countries or places he has visited, he answers something like this: "——, oh, awful hole, no Badminton there. ——, oh, yes, charming place, had some splendid games there," or "——, best court I ever played on," and so on.

I recommend Badminton as a panacea for many of the ills and worries of life, but not as an object in life to the exclusion of all other interests.

FROM £5 A WEEK TO £500 A NIGHT.

By Madame Tetrazzini, the Wonderful Singer.

ALTHOUGH I do not speak English and have to write this in my own language to be translated into your tongue, yet there are, happily, two languages by which the lyric artist and her audience can easily make themselves completely understood.

The one is the language of melody—for the appeal of music knows no race, and is bounded by no continent. By this means the artist appeals to the audience. The other universal language is that of appreciation, expressed by the loud clapping of hands and the delighted shouts of Bravo. In this way, the audience conveys its message in unmistakable terms to the mind, the heart, the very soul of the artist.

During my short stay in London I have learnt to appreciate very highly the message which has thus come to me across the footlights to reward me for the pleasure I have been able to afford the audiences of the Grand Opera House by my art.

I was born in Florence, the City of Idlies, where I received my musical education, or, rather, such musical education as I had, and where I also made my first appearance on the stage in the Theatre Pagliano, as it was then called, from the name of the manager who paid me a salary of £30 a month.

To those who think it was a large sum for a young singer to receive, I should like to explain that by far the larger portion of it had to go in buying all sorts of stage properties, which the artist has to supply, in addition to what is politely called "gratifications" to various officials connected with the theatre.

When I was about sixteen I applied at the Conservatoire, or Liceo Musicale, in Florence, to have my voice tried, to see if it was good enough to enable me to enter as a pupil.

As soon as I had finished the first song with which I had provided myself, Signor Cecherini, one of the professors, turned to the examiners, and said, "But this is an artist, not a little girl." As soon as I heard that I need scarcely say I was delighted, for I knew that I should be admitted.

I studied with Signor Cecherini. He had already taught my sister, Eva Tetrazzini, who is now the wife of Signor Campanini, the well-known conductor, and it has always been the great regret of my life that I was never able to sing with her during her career on the operatic stage, for she was a great soprano.

At the end of three months Signor Cecherini turned to me one day, and said, "You do not want any more lessons. You know everything I can teach you, and you have the voice of an angel."

I need scarcely say I was overjoyed at the professor's commendation. While he did not give me any more lessons at the Liceo, he used to come to my home to work at operas with me, and in three months I had studied "La Fille du Regiment," "Crispino et la Comare," and "Samiramide," the last of which, however, I have never sung in public.

Soon after I made my *début* as Inez in *L'Africaine*, and then I went to Rome, after which I set sail for South America, where I appeared at Buenos Ayres, Rosario, Monte Video, and Rio de Janeiro. It was in Buenos Ayres that I made my first appearance in a leading part, singing "Violetta" in *Traviata*. That part, I am happy to say, established my reputation in that city, as it made my reputation in London.

The first night I sang it, the applause of the audience made me know I had won a success.

One night in Buenos Ayres a physician asked to see me, as he wished to examine me in the belief that I was suffering from consumption like the heroine of the opera. He was quite amazed to find that I was perfectly healthy, though exceedingly nervous, and was, if anything, still more amazed when I told him that I had not studied the death scene in the wards of a hospital.

Altogether, I have spent four years in South America, and I spent seven in Russia, where I appeared at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, and other cities. Besides, I have sung in Spain, and in some of the chief theatres in Italy, where I have appeared with such great artists as Signor Tamagno, and Signor Caruso. Now I am going to New York, where I am engaged for three seasons. Next May I shall return to London, and for the two opera seasons after, for I have already been engaged for them.

On the days that I sing, and on all other days for that matter, I live very quietly. I dine lightly at one or half-past, taking some soup, fish, and poultry, after which I eat nothing until my work is done at night. If I need anything during the opera, I drink a little coffee, as I find that best for the voice.

After the opera is over I may have a small glass of light wine before I go home to supper. That meal, however, consists only of a little soup and a couple of eggs. Then I go to bed, but not by any means to sleep, for even to-day I get so nervous when I am singing that it takes me quite two or three hours to quiet down to my normal condition after I have been singing.

Lucia Tetrazzini

"Procrastination is the thief of time," the Ancients say, So do not wait but buy the "Forty Famous Songs" to-day.

"BLURRED LIGHTS."—NO. XI. Concluded.

THE FENIAN OUTRAGE ON CLERKENWELL PRISON.

By DICK DONOVAN.

IN 1867, when Fenianism was rife in Ireland, some conspirators evolved a scheme to capture Chester Castle, seize its arms and convey them to the troubled Emerald Isle. The plot failed, and two of its originators, named Burke and Casey, were caught and lodged in Clerkenwell House of Detention. Their friends intended to rescue them, and to this end a barrel of gunpowder was placed against the prison wall. The prison governor, having been warned, did not allow the prisoners out for exercise that afternoon, however, and when the gunpowder exploded and the wall fell the Fenians were safe inside their cells. But the explosion caused destruction all round.

LONDON THROWN INTO A PANIC.

CONSTERNATION and panic reigned. Hundred of people had wonderfully narrow escapes. Six unfortunate passers-by—including a woman—were killed on the spot, 120 others were more or less terribly injured, and five died a day or two later. One young woman went raving mad. Of those injured many were maimed for life, and, as they were all working men and women, the after-suffering this was to entail may be imagined. One poor creature was rendered totally blind; another, a woman, had the drums of her ears destroyed; while a little girl had part of her face blown away.

In the surrounding houses the consternation was terrible. Forty women were prematurely delivered of children, and twenty babies died from the effects of the explosion on the mothers, two or three invalids died of fright, and a boy was so frightened that he became an imbecile. This wasn't war; it wasn't a blow struck in the name of freedom against tyranny; it was cold-blooded, devilish murder, and, if the cowardly assassins had fallen into the hands of the infuriated mob that quickly gathered on the scene of the crime, they would have had a short shrift indeed. The damage done to surrounding property was estimated at £20,000.

Needless to say, the prison wall was shattered, but never a prisoner escaped. They were all safely locked in their cells. Many were much alarmed by the noise of the explosion, and Burke and Casey could hardly have failed to realise that it knelled the doom of their hopes.

That night the news spread like wildfire through London, and the evening papers did a roaring trade. London was thrown into panic. Excitement rose to a pitch of frenzy almost, and many believed that a great Fenian army had poured into the Metropolis, and was murdering and pillaging as it came. Special constables were sworn in, and every precaution taken to guard the banks and national treasures. And all this excitement and panic had been caused by half-a-dozen drunken loafers, who, in the name of patriotism, were ready to slay and maim, so long as they were paid for it.

Within a day or two the Government issued a proclamation broadcast, offering a reward of £400 for any information that would lead to the arrest and conviction of the offender or offenders. Very soon the police swept into their net the drunken tailor, Timothy Desmond, the cobbler, Jeremiah Allen, and Ann Justice.

PRISONER ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

Immediately after her arrest this woman tried to strangle herself in her cell, but a warder entered in time to prevent it. A few days later a crowd had assembled on the Green at Glasgow, when an uproar arose, and two loud-mouthed patriots added to the hubbub and created a panic by firing off pistols. The police promptly seized them and dragged them to the station, where one was recognised as a Fenian named Michael Barrett. Then the police remembered that this fellow had been missed from his accustomed haunts for some little time before the Clerkenwell explosion. It seemed significant, and promptly the telegraph wires were utilised to communicate with Scotland Yard, while a request was made that a responsible official might at once travel down to Glasgow, and see if Barrett could be associated with the London outrage.

No time was lost. In a few hours a man from Scotland Yard was in Glasgow, and, as the Glasgow captive could give no satisfactory account of himself, he was conveyed to London, and several Clerkenwell people were called up to identify him. He was clearly recognised as the man who had been seen hanging about Clerkenwell for several days, and two or three persons swore to having seen him in company with the drunken tailor and Ann Justice. He was, therefore, charged with having been concerned in the explosion, and special means were taken to render his escape or rescue a matter of impossibility.

The authorities were now thoroughly aroused, and it was a dangerous thing for anyone to express sympathy with the Fenians. Fenianism had given a good deal of trouble for a long time, and many cruel crimes had been committed in its name; but it had now received its death blow, though it was to die a slow and lingering death.

In addition to those already named, the police made other arrests, including William Desmond (who was not in any way related to the tailor), John O'Keefe, Patrick Mullany, and Nicholas English. The whole band, as it was believed, thus came into the clutches of the law. Patrick Mullany, a craven and a traitor, was to play a very conspicuous part in the judicial drama which was the result of the outrage. For some reason, which was not made very clear at the time, Jeremiah Allen, the cobbler, was released. This caused some surprise, but the Government had a motive in letting him go, and he subsequently rendered good service in supplying information which helped the authorities to crush the Fenian conspiracy.

The two Desmonds, English, O'Keefe, Ann Justice, and Michael Barrett were indicted at the Old Bailey for the murder of Ann Hodgkinson, the poor woman who instantly lost her life when the explosion occurred. The case had now assumed gigantic proportions, and the feeling on the part of the public against the prisoners was intense. The Crown authorities were determined that, while the accused should have the fairest possible trial English justice was capable of according them, nothing should be left undone that was calculated to bring the guilt home to the guilty parties.

MULLANY TURNS QUEEN'S EVIDENCE.

A little while before the trial Patrick Mullany offered to turn Queen's evidence. In this case he was actuated by two motives. He wished to secure the £400 reward. The other one was to save his wretched life. This one he admitted. The judges appointed to try the prisoners were Chief Justice Cockburn and Baron Bramwell. For the Crown there appeared Sir John Karslake (Attorney-General), Sir Baliol Brett, Mr. Hardinge Giffard, and Sir Harry Poland. All the prisoners were most ably represented by brilliant counsel, and for this purpose the funds of the Fenian organisation were lavishly used. The conspirators felt that their cause was a lost one, but they made desperate efforts to gull their dupes into believing that the might of England would be finally crushed and shattered, in spite of these set-backs to the great hopes of the patriots.

I have made some reference to Michael Barrett's good looks, and the fact of his being good-looking was the means of adding a large amount of dramatic interest to the trial. During the preliminary inquiries this remarkable man, who, though uneducated, was eloquent and intelligent, had attracted much attention, and it is pitiable to have to record that West End women crowded to the court in their hundreds in order to feast their eyes on the "Handsome Irishman."

The trial opened on April 20th, 1868. No trial for a long time had excited such widespread interest. Every available part of the Old Bailey was occupied by fashionable women, many of them titled; while vast crowds, unable to get seats, stood outside, and fought and struggled for positions, in the vain hope that they might obtain a glimpse of Barrett.

The women had made a hero of him, and, though he had led a criminal career and his hands were stained with the blood of luckless people, that did not prevent his being idolised. The opening day of the trial was spent by the prosecution in laying the case before the jury and in marshalling the facts that would be presented for their consideration. It is impossible to read the preliminary speech of the Attorney-General without being struck by its perfect fairness and the lucid manner in which all the points in the sad story were dealt with.

At this stage the prisoners were ignorant of the fact that Mullany had turned Queen's evidence, and when, on the second day, the Attorney-General ordered Patrick Mullany to be called, the effect on the accused was extraordinary.

The "situation" would have made the fortune of any stage production. Its dramatic intensity sent a thrill through the whole court, and as the traitor slunk into the witness-box, a low murmur of execration broke from the prisoners; while Barrett, drawing himself up to his full inches, cast a look of wrath and contempt at the miserable scoundrel which caused him to visibly wilt.

A STUDY OF RAGE AND HATRED.

No one who witnessed the remarkable scene but felt that if Barrett could have got at the traitor the court would have witnessed a tragedy. By a person who was present I was told that Barrett's handsome face was a study in its expression of hatred and rage, while his hands opened and shut spasmodically, and the veins in his forehead and neck stood out like whipcords.

It was noted that never once after the first glance did Mullany cast his eyes to the prisoners' dock. The cross-examination of this witness also afforded the spectators some dramatic moments. He admitted he was a Fenian, and had been for years, and that his sympathies were with the Fenians; but in this case he had reason to believe that Nicholas English intended to give evidence against his associate, and so he determined to be in first, for the reasons, as he explained pathetically, that he was in bad health and had a young family. He was pressed to say why he did not consider his family when he allied himself to the Fenians, and the only answer he could make was, that he "never gave them a thought then."

When charged by the counsel, who was cross-examining him, with having turned traitor for the sake of the £400, he denied it, saying that he did not know what he was to get, and that he expected nothing. The most damning piece of evidence this witness gave against Barrett was that he had heard him say he was going to fire the barrel himself, and that afterwards he heard him admit that his hand alone had lit the fuse. Barrett's counsel made the most desperate attempts to shake the witness on this point, but quite failed. Moreover, he was corroborated by the two small boys, one of whom had had his hand mutilated by the explosion, who had witnessed a man set fire to the fuse. They were intelligent urchins, and both were positive in their assertions that Barrett was the man. As regards the other prisoners, they could say nothing.

KISSED IN THE DOCK.

After the explosion Allen, who had been discharged, and Ann Justice and William Desmond were caught running away, and no one who attaches importance to circumstantial evidence could for a moment doubt that they were guilty of being accessories to the crime. But Allen had got off, and therefore it would have been illogical to have punished Justice and Desmond, and they were subsequently liberated, but it was felt by many that this was a clear miscarriage of justice.

When the prosecution had brought forward all the evidence they could, the case against O'Keefe and Ann Justice was considered to have broken down, and they were at once released. Then occurred another curiously dramatic incident seldom witnessed in a court of law; at any rate, not in an English court. As Ann Justice was leaving the dock, she threw her arms round Barrett's neck and kissed him twice. After this Barrett's counsel felt that they were fighting a losing game, and though they had brought from Glasgow several witnesses to try to prove an *alibi*, they crumbled to pieces under the withering cross-examination they were subjected to, and their story was shown to be a concoction.

The chief justice, in his summing up, did not handle Mullany very tenderly, and he pointedly said that his evidence was not worthy of credence unless corroborated. But it had been corroborated by two boys, who declared that Barrett was the man who wheeled the hand-cart to the prison wall and set fire to the fuse in the barrel.

When the jury retired to consider their verdict, it is probable no one in the court expected that Barrett would escape, but the surprise that was sprung upon everyone when the jury returned was a surprise indeed. The verdict was one of guilty against Barrett, but *not guilty* against all the others. Even their own counsel were surprised, as well they might be. It has been laid down by English jurists that any person taking part in a plot to murder is an accessory. That all the prisoners accused of being concerned in the Clerkenwell outrage were accessories there couldn't be a doubt. They knew the crime was contemplated. They knew that gunpowder was being bought; indeed, some of them had bought gunpowder themselves, and they knew that communication had been established with Burke and Casey. Nevertheless, they escaped punishment, and Michael Barrett alone was convicted.

"HE IS A FIEND OF INIQUITY."

When silence had been obtained, the prisoner was asked why sentence should not be passed upon him. He seemed dumb-stricken for a moment or two; all the light had gone out of his eyes, and his face was corpse-like in hue. Then, with some mighty effort of will, he set his pulses throbbing again. The light came back to his eyes, and a delicate flush suffused his face. He drew himself up proudly, defiantly. He clutched the rail in front of the dock and gazed at the judges on the bench, and in impassioned, fervid language he protested against the verdict. He declared that his conviction was an infamous perversion of justice, as the evidence brought forth had failed to prove that he had anything to do with the explosion.

Then he began to speak of Mullany, and his eyes blazed with fury, while his lips trembled with the passion that shook him. "He is a fiend of iniquity," he cried, shaking his fist, "and I prophesy for him a life of misery; in the words of Holy Writ, when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish come upon you. Trouble and anguish shall make him afraid; they shall prevail against him as a King ready to do battle. Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place." This scriptural quotation was delivered with perfect fluency and with a fervour that was strangely impressive. He paused as he finished the quotation, and passed his hand across his forehead.

"It may seem hard to part with life so soon," he went on with a long-drawn sigh; "but since it is the will of God to call me, I will meet death without

There's not another place like home, However humble it may be, And Pearson's "Forty Famous Songs" Will fill the humblest home with glee.

to murmur; and, as He and His all-wise way directs all things for the best, I venture to hope it will please God to turn even the sacrifice of my poor worthless life to the account of my poor, suffering country. I shall now ascend the scaffold with firmness, strengthened by the consoling reflection that the stain of murder does not rest upon me, and mingling with my prayers for my soul those for the regeneration of my native land. I have done."

This was clap-trap oratory. It was delivered for effect, and it had a strange effect. The fashionably dressed women sobbed and sighed, and even some of the barristers affected to weep. In spite of the fact that the man stood there in the dock a callous and brutal murderer, and murderer he was beyond all doubt, it is safe to say that 90 per cent. of the people present in court at that moment would have acquitted him if they had had the power to do so.

A false sentiment and misplaced sympathy for the good-looking prisoner, who was gifted with a certain eloquence, caused them to forget the dead and the maimed and mangled victims of his barbarity. The unfortunate woman, who was stricken dead on the spot when the barrel of gunpowder exploded, was a bread-winner; the three others who died were bread-winners, and the maimed and mangled were all humble, toiling people, and into many and many a home the outrage had brought a sorrow that would never be lifted.

But all this was forgotten, or seemed to count for nothing against the ill-spent life of the miscreant, who, though possessed of ability and cleverness which he might have turned to good account, preferred idleness and agitation to honest work.

In feeling terms the judge sentenced him to death, and within twenty-four hours a wave of agitation was set going to try to obtain a reprieve. Lawyers, barristers, Members of Parliament, and the sentimental public kept the ball rolling, and even the Right Hon. John Bright clamoured for a reprieve. The result of it was that a respite was granted in order that further inquiries might be made as to the truth of the *alibi* the defence had sought to set up, and to that end Mr. Harry Poland was instructed by the Government to proceed to Glasgow and make the most searching inquiries.

Not a stone was left unturned; anything likely to tell in the prisoner's favour was carefully examined; but the end of it all was, it was proved conclusively that Barrett was not in Glasgow when the explosion occurred, but in Clerkenwell. And if ever anything was certain in this world, it was certain that Michael Barrett had been justly convicted; but in view of the fact that the others had been allowed to go scot free, a point might have been strained in Barrett's favour, and the sentence commuted to penal servitude for life. The Government, however, were inflexible, and Michael was informed that he must die.

The execution took place on May 26th, 1868, and was the last execution in public in England, I believe.

Michael Barrett's execution struck terror into the hearts of the Fenians, and many of the most prominent leaders preferred to recross the Atlantic, and pass the remainder of their days in the land of the Stars and Stripes.

(Next week: The Frauds of the Strand Banking Co.)

DEALER: "Here's a cigar I want you to try."

Customer (a minute later): "It don't deserve a trial. It ought to be lynched!"

"I WANT a good revolver," began the determined-looking man.

"Yes, sir," said the salesman. "Six chambers?"

"Why—er—you'd better make it a nine-chamber. I want to use it on a cat next door."

SCRIBBLER: "When I take a dislike to a man I use him as the villainous character in one of my novels."

Criticus: "Ah, I see. You punish the poor fellow by burying him alive, as it were."

FOUNDED 1871.

THE OCEAN

Accident and Guarantee - - - - Corporation, Limited.

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HEAD OFFICE: MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

What 1907 Has Meant to Me.

Interesting Confessions of Celebrities.

Mr. S. F. EDGE

(The world-famous motorist).

"WHAT 1907 has meant to me!" So far as my business is concerned, it has meant the climax of eight years' continuous work in regard to the Napier motor-car.

Eight years ago, when foreign factories were well established with large outputs, the Napier first became known as a motor-car. To-day the six-cylinder Napier is the most copied car in the world.

Practically every firm making large cars in this country, in Europe, and in America, is copying the six-cylinder principle introduced on the Napier, 170 firms being copyists to-day, and this, despite the fact that when this principle was introduced four years ago, they one and all ran it down, and said it was wrong. Many of those who said this posed as experts in this country.

I am pleased with our success, because it means that the foreign firms are now copying British ideas, and, therefore, Great Britain leads the way in motor-car design and construction.

S. F. Edge

Miss ETHEL IRVING

(One of the most accomplished and charming actresses on the English stage).

THE most 1907 has meant to me has been my engagement under Mr. Otho Stuart, and his entrusting me with the part of Lady Frederick at the Court Theatre.

Ethel Irving

Mr. GREGORY HAST

(The well known and deservedly popular singer).

You ask me, "What 1907 has meant to me?" If you refer to my profession, I can only answer that it has meant for me much the same as other years, with an increased effort towards the advancement of the highest form of song and a corresponding appreciation on the part of a kind public.

If to my domestic life, I do not write as to this, but may mention that in 1907 I have been fortunate enough to exchange the smell of the London motors for the sweet air of Hertfordshire, though this has its sad side, as I am compelled to leave it so much more often than I could wish.

H. Gregory Hast

Mr. F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.

(A brilliant painter, who has come very rapidly to the front, being only thirty years of age).

1907 has meant for me that I have had the honour to be elected an associate of the Royal Academy, an event which happened a few days ago.

I cannot tell you of anything else of importance, except that I was so fortunate as to have my pictures very well hung in the Academy, and, in consequence, one of them in particular, entitled, "How the Devil Disguised as a Vagrant Troubadour, Having Been Entertained by Some Charitable Nuns, Sang to Them a Song of Love," received a certain amount of notice from the public.

F. Cadogan Cowper

Mr. FRANK PARKER

(The famous producer of the London Hippodrome spectacles).

IT has meant the production of five large spectacles, and of ten special acts, such as Mr. Albert Toft's "Living Statuary" and the "Australian Wood Cutters," all requiring an elaborate and special setting.

It has meant six visits to Berlin, five to Paris, two to Brussels, and one each to Hamburg and Gründelwald, and from 3,000 to 4,000 miles travelled in this country.

It has meant twenty-two Sundays and forty-five all-nights at the Hippodrome. It has meant the hardest-worked year of my life. And I am writing in the middle of December with mountains of work before the New Year looming ahead.

It has also meant the following rather startling discovery: I have a little cottage in the country, and the path from the gate to the door is made of paving-stones—or, at least, I thought they were paving-stones—until—but I mustn't spoil my "curtain."

One day I noticed that the paving-stones were sinking inwards, so that there was a regular dip in the middle of the path. I decided to have the path repaved with red bricks or something of that kind, and a man was sent to remove the paving-stones. I happened to be present when he started operations, and, as he prized up the first one, I noticed something that looked like an inscription on the under side. When we had scraped away the earth my startled eyes beheld the following:

Sacred to the Memory of

of this parish.
Buried October, 1829,
aged 36.

It gave me quite a turn, and I didn't feel better until I made certain that I was not living on a graveyard, but that an economical builder had at one time bought up a lot of gravestones cheap. At the same time, I shall walk on bricks in future.

Frank Parker

Sir JOHN KIRK

(The famous secretary of The Ragged School Union, whose knighthood conferred by H.M. the King in May, 1907, was received with universal acclamation).

IT has meant a tremendous upheaval in my life. I have never seen the effects of a volcanic eruption, but I imagine that things are upheaved and scattered about, and this is precisely what has happened to me. My social and official life has been turned topsy-turvy. My perspective has been entirely altered, and I cannot get accustomed to the new order.

I come in contact daily with my fellow-men, and I realise that, however much I may be disposed to forget the great change in my rank, they are more than conscious of the fact.

It is an entirely new experience to be recognised by passers-by, to see the significant nudge of elbow and the pointed finger, "See, that's So-and-So." Hotel porters, railway porters, and so on approach their chums confidentially, and look in a certain direction. Even shopkeepers eloquently make it plain that the would-be customer is not the stranger he would suppose himself to be. I have sometimes wondered what it means to be a gaol-bird well known to the police, and now I begin to realise something of his state.

John Kirk

Mr. CHARLES PEARS

(The famous black-and-white artist and delightful illustrator of books).

THE year 1907 has meant many things to me. In the matter of work it has not been very important so far as books are concerned.

But the chief feature of the year is that I have developed into a marine painter, which has come out of the many articles I have written and illustrated upon yachting subjects.

Having to a great extent mastered the difficulties of painting Union silk sails, I am receiving many commissions to paint pictures introducing their yachts from the owners of the crack yachts of the year. This brings me to my hobby, if the work of an artist is not a hobby.

In this, which is yachting, I have had much experience of bad weather in the Thames estuary, but the most interesting experience was that of being at anchor through a night of thick fog out at sea alone, and on waking up in the morning having to look at the compass to find whether or not the tide had turned, and afterwards navigating a ticklish channel between the sands.

Along with a friend I was also stopped in Woolwich Reach at two o'clock in the morning by two river hooligans, who unsuccessfully attempted blackmail.

Upon another occasion I was passing Gravesend (alone), when the mast and sails of a barge were blown out of her very nearly on to my craft, the splash from this nearly drenching me.

I have also changed my address, and now profess to be quite an authority upon knocking tacks into walls without damage to my person.

Chas. Pears

Uneasy lies the hairless head To which a crown belongs, But even kings can cheer themselves With "Forty Famous Songs."

An Attack of Ghosts.

One of Mr. Chorley's Adventures Related by **ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.**

"We've had to clear most of the things out of your shed, Henry," said Mrs. Chorley to her husband as he came home one evening. "These heavy rains lately have found the weak spots in the top—and that thin boarding is no good for a roof, anyway."

Chorley went out into the garden and unlocked his shed, which stood against the wall under one of the windows at the back of the house. As his wife had said, the rain had found its way through the thin roof, and it was clear to him that he would have to find another "den" for his carpentering and mechanical operations. He, therefore, locked the shed up again, and came back into the house.

After a family council, it was decided that the spare bedroom should be cleared and turned into a workshop, and Chorley was busy helping his wife and Mary Ann to effect the clearance, when there came a loud knock at the door. Mary Ann went down to answer it, and Mrs. Pobsley, who lived next door but two, dashed into the hall and called for Mrs. Chorley in a voice shaken with emotion.

"Oh, Mrs. Chorley," she gasped as that lady hurried downstairs, followed by her husband, "there's something going on in the empty house next door to us, and Mr. Pobsley hasn't come home, and I'm so frightened——"

"What d'ye mean—something going on?" asked Chorley with a mystified air.

"People do say the house is haunted," explained Mrs. Pobsley as she sank into the chair that Chorley had brought to her.

"Rubbish," said Chorley, shivering a little in spite of himself. "There aren't such things. I mean——"

"Oh, but I've heard it myself," protested Mrs. Pobsley.

"Heard what?" asked Chorley, turning a shade paler, and looking over his shoulder furtively, in case anything might be there.

"A mysterious voice," said Mrs. Pobsley in a tone that made Mrs. Chorley start and abruptly request her not to do that kind of thing.

Chorley didn't half like the idea, but presently his curiosity got the better of his fears, and he said he would go out and collect a few neighbours, and fathom the mystery with them. As a matter of fact, however, as soon as he got out into the road, he found that the interesting news had spread itself abroad already. Three of his neighbours were approaching the house cautiously with lanterns, and Chorley, feeling that there was safety in numbers, joined them.

"I-is the h-house really haunted?" he asked tremulously of Mr. Margetts, who lived over the way.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Margetts, bursting into a roar of laughter, in which his companions joined. "We've found out that it's old Miss Mabson's parrot. The thing must have got shut in there, and it's talking to itself all the words it knows."

Wimbleby had to grasp the banisters firmly to save himself from falling.

Chorley joined in the laugh, and his courage having returned, he led the way into the house, and walked boldly upstairs. Now that he had been told what the matter was, he recognised the parrot's voice in a moment; though, to anyone who had not had the phenomenon explained, it might certainly have sounded a little eerie. The bird, which had apparently got through one of the upper windows and could not get out again, was fluttering about, and remarking at intervals: "Oh, dear; oh, dear; oh, dear!" which was apparently the limit of its vocabulary.

The party were just debating between themselves as to how the fugitive could best be secured, when Mr. Wimbleby, who had, it seemed, followed the procession at a distance, was heard at the foot of the stairs, calling to know who was there. Chorley, passing the word round among his friends, replied:

"Hush! Wimbleby. We think it's a ghost."

"D-d-don't make an idiot of y-y-yourself, Chorley," gasped Wimbleby, cautiously mounting the stairs. "W-w-what is it?"

By way of reply the captive bird began to murmur rapidly, "Oh, dear; oh, dear; oh, dear!" Wimbleby had to grasp the banisters firmly to save himself from falling downstairs, and the others, observing the effect of Chorley's joke, exploded with laughter at Wimbleby's expense.

"Hush!" gasped Wimbleby. "Listen. You fellows don't understand these things. It is a ghost, right enough."

"Yes," agreed Chorley. "Of course, it is, Mr. Wimbleby. I'd whistle for the dog, only I've always understood that ghosts haven't anything a dog can bite."

"Don't make yourself ridiculous, Chorley," said Wimbleby sternly. "The ghost might hear you."

The ghost disappeared as if by magic.

"It might," said Chorley, "if it was there. But there aren't such things. This is Miss Mabson's parrot."

After another laugh at Wimbleby's expense, the party proceeded to the room where the bird was imprisoned and promptly secured it. Mr. Wimbleby, convinced that Chorley's apparent pluck was only due to the fact that he had known what the matter was all along, went back home, after remarking that if Chorley should ever meet a ghost when he was alone, he would probably die of fright. This, however, Chorley indignantly denied; and, fortified by the presence and support of his friends, amongst whom Wimbleby was not at all popular, he added:

"I don't think I should take fright and fall downstairs over it, anyhow, old chap."

Wimbleby went off growling, as another laugh at his expense went up from the party, and while one of the neighbours undertook to return the parrot to its owner, the others separated and proceeded to their homes.

Chorley went back to the spare room, and resumed the work of clearance. Mary Ann was just helping Mrs. Chorley to move a chest of drawers when she happened to look up at the window. At the same moment she gave a wild yell, and bolted out on the landing. Mrs. Chorley, following her eyes, gave a scream in the same key and hurried after her. Then Chorley, wondering what the matter was, looked at the window himself, and cold beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead as he did so.

For there, just on the other side of the glass, was a pale, white face, half hidden by some filmy veiling material. The eyes which glittered through the veil glared reproachfully at Chorley, and in that moment he recalled Wimbleby's warning. But the next instant he felt more cheerful. In spite of the disguise he recognised Wimbleby himself, with his face elaborately chalked over to give it a ghostly look.

Shot out into the heap of brambles obligingly prepared for him.

Wimbleby had evidently taken the law into his own hands, and, seeing a light at the window, had climbed up the shed to begin his career as a scarer.

Chorley moved towards the window, and, as he did so, the ghostly apparition started back suddenly. Then there was a crashing sound, and the ghost disappeared as if by magic, just as if it had descended through a trap door. As a matter of fact, something of the kind had happened. Chorley saw how it was in a moment. The dilapidated roof had suddenly given way, and let Wimbleby through into the empty shed, where he was, of course, now a close prisoner.

"It's all right," said Chorley, who had now so far recovered his courage as to be able to chuckle over the way in which Wimbleby literally had fallen into his own trap. "It was only Wimbleby making an idiot of himself. Let's go down and see how he's getting on."

"You can go yourself, if you like," said Mrs. Chorley, only partially reassured. "I'm not coming."

Chorley, therefore, went down. As he came near the shed he could hear Wimbleby trying to climb the sides of it, so that he could effect his escape before he was caught.

Chorley saw how the case stood in a moment, and, as he had got the laugh on his side, he determined to make the most of it. Pretending to be addressing Mrs. Chorley, he said, in a stage whisper:

"Amelia—there's something got into my shed—run and get me my gun."

As a matter of fact, Chorley hadn't got a gun, and wouldn't have known how to use it if he had. But the remark had the effect anticipated on Wimbleby, whose muffled voice filtered through the shed as he gasped out:

"It's all right, Chorley—it's me—Wimbleby."

Chorley pretended not to hear, but continued his instructions to an imaginary hearer.

"By jove, Amelia," he said, "it must be a big bird or something. It must have hit that broken roof and gone right through. You get a kettle of boiling water, and go upstairs and pour it out of the window through the hole in the shed, and then I can pot the animal as it runs out."

"Whoa!" screamed Wimbleby in a voice that to Chorley's delight betrayed every sign of anguish "Don't you know me, Chorley? It's me—Wimbleby——"

"Dear, dear," said Chorley, talking to no one in particular in a loud voice; "there's dear Mr. Wimbleby calling me from his back window. I wonder what he wants. Look here, Amelia, while I go and talk to Mr. Wimbleby over the fence, you send Mary Ann to borrow Mr. Margetts's bull-dog. It's a fierce creature, and we can drop it through the roof——"

"Look here, Chorley," shrieked Wimbleby, "I've had enough of this nonsense. If you don't open the door, I shall burst it open."

While this conversation was going on Chorley was quietly dragging in front of the door a heap of garden rubbish, consisting mostly of old rose bushes that he had dug up for burning. Having got the thorny things in a nice little heap all round the front of the shed, he said, with an affectation of anger:

"Burst the door open? You daren't do it, Wimbleby."

"Daren't I?" retorted Wimbleby in desperation. "You just see if I daren't. One—two—three!"

At the word "three!" the door, which was a slight thing at best, splintered like tinder before Wimbleby's effort, and Wimbleby himself shot out into the heap of brambles obligingly prepared for him. He gave a yell of distress as he sat down on them, and another yell as he put his hand out in order to help himself up.

And, as Chorley was very tender-hearted, and did not like to hear the cry of a fellow creature in pain, he went indoors and locked up for the night. And a few moments later he heard Wimbleby scrambling dismally over the fence that separated their gardens.

(Another Chorley adventure next week.)

"Music hath charms," the poet says, "To soothe the savage breast." Of recent books of music, "Forty Famous Songs," the best.

A New Year's Message.

From the ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.

THERE are great times in which to be living, and every year brings with it new interests and new signs of the greatness of the mission and responsibilities of the British in the world. "The total area of the British Empire is nearly 11,400,000 square miles, with a total population of about 410,000,000. The known surface of the globe is reckoned at 55,000,000 square miles, and its total population is believed to be about 1,800,000,000; so that the British Empire occupies approximately 21 per cent., or more than one-fifth of the earth's surface, and its population is in the proportion of 22 per cent., or over one-fifth, of the inhabitants of the globe.

"The total revenue exceeds £400,000,000, the debt totals over £1,500,000,000, and the trade exceeds £1,600,000,000. Railways to the extent of 90,000 miles have been opened, and 12,160,000 net tons of shipping sail under the British flag, while nearly 265,000,000 tons enter and clear annually at British ports."

This material greatness is unparalleled, and offers objects of thought, interest, and imagination in all directions; India, Burmah, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, East Africa, West Africa, South Africa, Gibraltar, Malta, the protectorate of Egypt, and islands in every ocean.

The responsibilities of citizenship in the Mother Country are increased to an incalculable degree. At the same time, by the alliances of our Royal Family, and by the sagacious policy of our King, almost every great country of the world is brought into close connection with Great Britain.

This fact may be said to refer to the Sovereign rather than to the people; but, all the same, the opportunities of Great Britain for promoting the peace and good of the world are in these different ways greatly enhanced, and in some degree the duties of British citizenship are enlarged.

In what way are those duties to be performed? Chiefly by diligent attention to personal conduct. The New Year is a time for forming good resolutions. I was asked not long ago whether they were of any use? I replied that, first of all, at any rate, if we never made them, we should never grow any nearer to fulfilling our duties, but in all probability remain as we are, or deteriorate.

Secondly, their usefulness depends on the spirit in which they are made, and the determination we have to keep them. Thirdly, we may make these wise acts of will at any time, and ought to do so; but each New Year is so very important an epoch, and so full of solemnity, that we should be foolish not to look into ourselves, see where we have been weak or wrong, and do our best to act more wisely for the future.

I was also asked in that case, if good resolutions were valuable, what would be the best vow for the beginning of the year? About this I had no doubt at all, and I think every one will agree with me; it is, to do the next duty that lies before us as well as ever it can be done.

Our duty is threefold: to our God, to ourselves, and to other people.

Of the first, I need only refer here to obtaining the right principles, beliefs, and ideals, and the divine help for acting accordingly in daily life.

To ourselves we owe it that we should fulfil everything that we have to do in the best way open to us. Secondly, we must be strenuous, vigorous, never loitering, always making the best of ourselves. Thirdly, it is the ideal that we should fill up our time with things that are useful, so that we may not fall into weakness, folly, temptation, and self-indulgence. Fourthly, it should be an object to try to learn something definite every day, by reading and by conversation, which will make us wiser, better, and more interesting to those who surround us.

And, then, to our neighbours. A first duty is negative: to do them no harm, whether they are countries, communities, or individuals. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law.

The second duty is positive: to find our own happiness and unselfishness in promoting the happiness and advantage of others.

Thirdly, there should be the aim of doing some useful good thing for others, something that is worth doing, every day.

Most Christian people know something of these things. It is not merely money that is wanted, but interest, investigation, and actual, practical sympathy.

The more thoroughly we all endeavour to do our own duty, to live the life of love and unselfishness, and to carry on the work of God in the world, the greater will be the happiness returned on our own heads in the approval of our conscience, and the more fitted will our country become to fulfil those high responsibilities, which have in so unique a degree become her natural inheritance.

William Sinclair

Picture Pars. *(See footline.)*

A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls. Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

TO TIGHTEN FOUNTAIN PEN COVERS.

FOUNTAIN PENS are without doubt a great blessing, but like many other blessings they are not without their weak points. One of the principal of these is the annoying tendency of the cover to become loose and fall off. This may be remedied, however, by the simple method shown in the illustration. Directly the cover shows signs of wobbling it should be taken off and held over the gas for a few seconds. Then it should be placed on the table and rolled gently backwards and forwards two or three times with the flat of the hand. It will then fit as tightly as the day on which it was bought. This hint only applies to pens which are made of vulcanite; it would, of course, be dangerous to treat celluloid in this manner.

A RUN FOR ROVER.

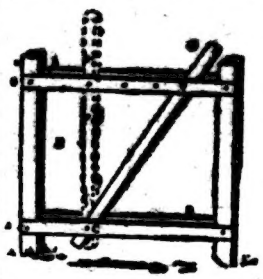
THE picture shows a simple method of tieing up a dog in such a manner that he can guard a hut or hen-house, and at the same time be able to have a good run when he wishes to. Place two stakes in the ground, each of them about a foot high, at whatever distance apart you may desire the length of the run to be. Between them stretch a piece of strong wire on which you have previously placed a metal ring. Fasten the dog's chain to this ring, and then, as may be seen in the illustration, he will be able to guard the hut and at the same time obtain as much exercise as he needs.

HORSE SHOE NAILS.

ANYONE looking in at a forge may have noticed the farrier holding a horseshoe nail with his pincers and hammering the point into a slight curve, as shown in figure A. These nails, which are made of iron and are rather soft, arrive from the makers in a somewhat crude state, and each farrier hammers them to suit his taste. This hammering not only makes them harder, but the bend which is thereby imparted gives them a tendency to work outwards. This prevents them from penetrating the tender part of the hoof and thereby laming the horse.

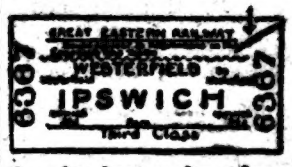
A BAIL FOR COWS.

IN Australia when cows go to the sheds to be milked they are not tied up as in England, but are secured by means of the contrivance shown in the picture. This is known as a bail, and consists of two stout posts driven into the ground and connected at A. In the intervening space is a piece of timber B which works on a bolt at C, and can be fixed in the top bar at various angles by means of a pin. The cow, which is accustomed to this apparatus, meekly thrusts her head through the space D on being told to "bail up," and the bar B is then closed sufficiently to prevent her from withdrawing it until the milking operations are concluded.



CHALK MARKS ON RAILWAY TICKETS.

RAILWAY travellers may sometimes have noticed a mark in coloured chalk or ink on the top right corner of their ticket. This is made by the booking-clerk with a definite purpose. Each evening he has to give a return of all tickets issued during the day. He then places a mark on the top ticket in each case. The next evening if a top ticket has a mark on it he knows there has been no issue from that particular packet that day and so passes on to the next case. A traveller with a marked ticket can therefore be certain that it is the first one issued to that station during the day.



A SUNSHINE RECORDER.

THE picture shows an ingenious instrument known as the Campbell-Stokes Sunshine Recorder, which is in use at most meteorological stations. It consists of a slab of slate (A) on which is fixed a metal bracket (B) and a glass ball (C) standing on a small pedestal. In the bracket are grooves into which sunshine registering cards slide. The glass ball is a strong burning glass, and as soon as the sun comes out it shines through this and scorches the card. Thus, as the earth moves round, the precise amount of sunshine experienced is faithfully recorded, for the card is divided into spaces representing the different hours, and the portion of these which is scorched corresponds to the exact time during which the sun has been shining

Picked Pars.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Perhaps It's a Cow!

A rabbit shot at Eastwood, Essex, has a pair of horns branching out from its eyebrows.

The First Bisley.

An old Dutch Bible found in the Humansdorp district of Cape Colony has a frontispiece depicting Cain shooting Abel with a blunderbuss.

Benefits of Science.

After "holding up" the proprietor and four customers in a Chicago saloon three young desperadoes forced the victims into an ice box and turned on a phonograph in order to drown their cries.

Blind Football Enthusiasts.

Although blind, Mr. Edwin Luxton, who has just died at Plymouth, often attended football matches. He took as much interest in the game as if he could see every movement of the players.

To Err is Human.

A Tunbridge Wells man, summoned for keeping a dog which had bitten a man, excused himself by stating that the animal was in the habit of guarding his cart during his absence. By mistake it took charge of a similar vehicle belonging to another man, and bit this man when he attempted to mount the cart.

Old-weight Championship.

Two centenarians—one aged 100, the other 102—have been arrested at New Orleans, U.S.A., for fighting in a restaurant.

Dragged in the Dust.

Walt Whitman's brain is lost to science. A hospital employee carelessly dropped the jar containing the poet's brain, which was cut into pieces and could not be saved.

Getting his Money's Worth.

Fined £40 for exceeding the speed limit, a wealthy Washington, U.S.A., motorist paid the fine in cents (halfpennies), the court officials taking an hour to count the coins.

Practical Gratitude.

Mr. H. J. Garland, of Worgret, near Wareham, by way of expressing his gratitude for a bountiful harvest, has, instead of giving a feast, presented each of his workmen with a new pair of stout boots.

The Curfew would not Ring.

The Zoological Gardens have suffered disappointment in connection with the bell bird, whose voice was alleged to be of so piercing a quality that it could be heard three miles off. Notwithstanding all the blandishments of his keepers, the ungrateful bird has remained adamant, and steadfastly refuses to call.

No Pleasing 'Em.

For snoring so loudly while asleep on duty as to be a nuisance to the public a New Jersey policeman has been suspended.

Thought Better of It.

During hunting with the Bibblesdale Buckhounds recently a fine buck careered against a lady cyclist near Slaidburn, and was about to attack her with its antlers, when, hearing the hounds, it struck across country.

Warning Against Avarice.

Examination of a valuable emu, which died at the Melbourne Zoological Gardens, showed that death was due to copper poisoning caused by a penny found in the bird's stomach.

We Know that Brand.

A cabman who was charged at Ipswich with being incapably intoxicated while in charge of his cab ascribed his condition to having smoked three or four cigars which a "fare" gave him.

"Good-bye Little Tooth, Good-bye."

A Paris dentist has hit upon a scheme to relieve the feelings of the victims he operates upon. While he pulls teeth a phonograph in the next room sings the Jewel Song from "Faust," Lohengrin's "Abschied," or the last drawing-room ballad.

A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page! Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER

A New Story of remarkable power, telling of the pathetic side of London Life, by

ARTHUR APPLIN. (Author of "The Stucco Girl," [illegible] etc., etc.)

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

"Flowers, lidy—beautiful chrysanthemums—violets—sweet English violets!"

It has been a bad day for the flower-sellers at Piccadilly Circus, and Maggie Druce, her basket far from emptied, almost forgets the gathering fog in her endeavours to dispose of her wares.

"Flowers, lidy, lovely——"

"'Arf asleep, ain't yer? My!—but I'll warm yer when I gets yer 'ome."

With a start the pretty flower-girl looks up. Her white skin blushes at the taunt. An old woman has hobbled across the road and with glaring eyes confronts her.

"Done the best I could," Maggie says softly.

The remark is greeted with a torrent of fiery language, and she is roughly seized by the shoulder and piloted through the maze of traffic. Through street after street the ill-assorted couple hurry; at last Drury Lane is entered, and on the third floor of Rockfeller Buildings their journey ends. Ma Druce and daughter have reached home.

In the sordid room are others. By the fitful light of an evil-smelling lamp, the forms of Alf, Maggie's brother, who exists by selling papers, and invests many coppers on horses that do not win, and Jim, who has married Maggie's sister, can be discerned.

At the sight of Jim, her sick-looking son-in-law, Ma Druce again breaks into a storm of abuse.

The man does not move a muscle; he takes a long breath, then sighs. "Shut it," he says quietly; "you'll drive Maggie the same way as you did Betty, with your nagging. Give her something to eat."

Ma Druce laughs shrilly. "Yer don't give me orders; come to my home and tell me 'ow to look after my own brats. She ain't earnt her keep to-day, and she won't get it until she does earn it. Where's that rope-end! I'll learn 'er. I'll learn the lot of yer!"

She hits Maggie with the rope. The girl's demeanour instantly changes. No longer a girl but a little demon, she springs towards her mother.

But a small hand restrains her. "'Old 'ard; I've done it," a voice whispers. "The [illegible] 'oss's rolled 'ome."

Maggie stops; she understands; her brother Alf has backed a winner. That night the two will have high jinks together; a visit to a theatre and a "blow out" afterwards. Brother and sister escape from the dreary home before any more violence is attempted, and with sixty minutes on her hands, Maggie seeks to dispel all worry. In a Soho back street a barrel-organ is playing, and she dances to it with joy tingling in her veins.

At the theatre a young man politely accosts them; Alf decides he is a "real toff."

"Hope you don't mind me stopping you," he says, addressing Maggie; "but I saw you dancing in Soho just now, and I want to paint you—paint a picture of you dancing to a barrel-organ in a muddy street, you know. Could you spare me two or three hours a day? I'm afraid it won't run to more than four or five shillings, at the outside. And, perhaps, if you're keen on dancing, I might help you to become a dancer, get into a theatre—a ballet somewhere. My name's Jim Ferguson. If you can't make up your mind now, think it over—here's my card."

When the play is over and they are demolishing tripe and onions in an eating house, Maggie's thoughts turn to the artist who wants to paint her.

"Alf," she says quietly, "I shall go and see this Mr. Jim. Yer don't mind, Alf, if I do, and yer won't say a word? Mother would half kill me."

"I won't say a word, not if they skin me alive. And, Maggie"—Alf fumbles for words—"I don't want to say anythink against 'er, but . . . well—yer knows how it was with Betty."

The next morning, when Jim Ferguson is painting hard in his studio, Maggie appears. Miss Maud Mountjoy, the popular actress whom Jim had been portraying on his canvas, takes her departure, and the artist poses the young model. [illegible] creditable picture is drawn. Visitors call, Lady [illegible] and her daughter, and in the [illegible] of the studio a little tea party takes place. It is Maggie's first experience of "real ladies," and she thinks them delightful.

But all good things have an end, and later, when accompanied by Alf she reaches home, Ma Druce is again furious. With the rope-end she belabours Maggie, and blood spurts from the flower-girl's white skin. A knife is lying near. Alf seizes it. There is a shriek, then silence.

Horror-stricken, the occupants of that dreary room gaze at the body on the floor. Ma Druce is dead. Jim, the out-of-work, takes upon himself the blame of her death. He [illegible] her son, he pushed the old woman to the ground, and that she is only stunned. "Alf," he says, "take Maggie and get out of it, and never come back here again."

Alf heeds the advice, and the couple leave home for ever. Absolutely penniless, they have to think about their sleeping quarters.

"Wish we turned to the artist for a bit an [illegible]," says Alf. "Pull up your stockings so as you look nice."

"He likes 'em bad an'," replies Maggie.

CHAPTER SIX.
Sanctuary.

THE evening that Death stalked up the foul staircase of Rockfeller Buildings, and curtly introduced himself to the Druce family, Jim Ferguson went to the Imperial Theatre to see Maud Mountjoy in the latest London success—THE SORROWFUL SAINT. The play did not exactly interest him, musical comedy seldom did, perhaps because, unfortunately, it lacked both music and comedy; but there was a bevy of beautiful women on the stage, pleasing to look at if not altogether pleasing to listen to.

But Jim, being an artist, used his eyes more than his ears; and woman, though generally disguised, being one of Nature's most beautiful productions was, as far as his work was concerned, his favourite subject.

And here, perhaps, woman, the modern specimen, was at her best; here all the arts and tricks of stagecraft were practically at her command; here, on the stage, the genius of the dressmaker who robbed the world in order that woman might rule it. All matter animate or inanimate—flowers, trees, plants, birds, and beasts—woman used and fashioned to her purpose.

And on the stage she was helped by light and shadow, colours innumerable, paint and powder and dyes, cunningly concocted.

Watching from his seat the artist realised that the woman of to-day possesses far more power than even she herself is aware of; the world is beginning to worship at the throne of femininity, and man will soon vacate the proud position he has held so long, and no longer command, but be commanded by she, who, after all, was the first to take the initiative in the Garden of Eden.

Unfortunately, Jim found himself yawning before the curtain fell; Miss Mountjoy had commanded him to take her out to supper, and so, an obedient though an impatient slave, he waited at the stage door until that fashionable beauty condescended to appear, shining radiantly—like a star enveloped in furs.

Miss Mountjoy pretended to be peevish, quarrelled with the menu, and did her best to pick a quarrel with Ferguson. But he was one of those irritating men who refuse to quarrel; whilst he made an excellent supper, he smiled blandly at Miss Mountjoy, and gave a sigh of complete satisfaction when the moment for coffee and cigarettes arrived.

"You are irritable to-night; what's the matter, Maud?" he laughed, blowing a cloud of tobacco smoke towards the frescoed ceiling of the pretty restaurant.

"Not irritable, perhaps bored," she said, shrugging her beautiful white shoulders—she knew they were beautiful, and she helped them achieve whiteness, that was why she shrugged them.

"I am sorry," Ferguson smiled. "I suppose that means that I'm particularly dull to-night; the desire to work, to achieve something really good has suddenly got into my blood, and I can think of nothing but a certain picture I'm going to paint."

Miss Mountjoy sniffed. "Ugh! My picture, I suppose."

Ferguson laughed. "My dear Maud, you know I tried and failed; you won't develop."

"Good heavens, man, what do you mean? I'm hunting! If I grow any fatter I shall have to leave the stage."

"On my canvas, I mean! I called you 'The Stormy Petrel,' but I suppose I can't get into a stormy mood. You inspire me, but I can't carry out my inspiration; I think perhaps you're too magnificent."

Miss Mountjoy tossed her head. "Too highly coloured, you mean, I know. I believe you delight in being unlike any other man in the world; what everyone else admires you despise, or pretend to. You despise me—oh, yes, I know you do—you despise me because I dress well and feel fidgety unless my hair's properly done; because I wear high heels and haven't long, narrow, flat feet, and because—oh, because I'm successful. You hate successful people, don't you?"

Ferguson lit another cigarette and raised his eyebrows. "I rather believe I do. You are the only successful friend I have; I can't think why you haven't chucked me—the others did."

"Did what?"

"Oh, when they discovered the trick of making money they dollied—or I dollied—it's the same thing. We had nothing in common; they grew fat, and their heads grew like their silk hats; they wore patent-leather boots, and rushed about in motors, and put on stuffy clothes when ever they dined, and ate things they didn't like, and hired servants to watch them eat and drink and talk, to put them to bed, and to dress them in the morning." He laughed. "I'm not [illegible] of millionaires with [illegible]; it must be a ghastly life, poor beggars."

"Give me another cigarette!" Miss Mountjoy rested her elbows on the table, her face between her hands. "I'm never sure whether you're serious or joking; I can't understand a clever, sensible man—as you are—preferring poverty and poor people and—and that sort of thing; I've been poor, I've had to fight for my bread, to fight to keep straight, to fight to keep clean; to fight and smile, whilst inside here"—striking her breast sharply—"my heart was breaking. Oh, it's easy for you to talk, perhaps it's different for a man, but I tell you poverty, real poverty, is the most devilish thing in the world."

"It isn't; it's exciting, it's tonic!"

"Rot!" Miss Mountjoy puffed a cloud of smoke straight into Ferguson's face; he laughed through it, and leaned across the vase of roses towards her.

"You are not really poor or you wouldn't talk nonsense," she continued. "When one's really poor and cold and hungry all the heart goes out of one; for a little time one patches one's old clothes just as one goes on patching one's character, striving to keep both neat and clean. But the morning comes, when one is so cold and so hungry, that one shudders at the cold tub—generally a greasy basin with two inches of sooty water at the bottom of it; when one dare not face brightly-lighted streets, and the cheerful, grinning fools who wish one a happy Christmas, whilst they spend on picture postcards enough to keep one in food for a week."

"Exactly," Ferguson smiled, wisely and philosophically, "think how much hungrier they are than you, those poor beggars who have got to buy picture postcards! What an awful state of mind to be in."

Miss Mountjoy sighed, and leaned back in her chair. "Now you're talking nonsense, and I'm not clever enough to understand you. All the same, I hate you for liking to paint silly little girls dancing in the gutter to a barrel-organ."

Ferguson nodded. "Ah! So you have guessed my secret? Well, I'll confess this is going to be my great picture. That child—for she's nothing else, you know——"

Miss Mountjoy interrupted with a quaint grimace.

"——Has inspired me."

You are easily pleased—and I'm—I'm horribly jealous! There, I've confessed it." She rose. "I'm tired, and it's time to go home; no, you needn't bother to see me home, put me into a cab. I'm angry, and I feel sulky."

Ferguson obeyed, but as she was driving away she leaned out of the window and kissed the tips of her fingers to him. For Maud Mountjoy was a true woman, and she loved the only man who was apparently indifferent to her. For such is the world, the flesh, and the woman.

As soon as James Ferguson found himself alone on the pavement, he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the change he had received after paying the bill—some coppers and a little silver, no gold. That was all. The last part of a five-pound note; he shrugged his shoulders and started to walk towards the Embankment and Chelsea. A cab was out of the question, though he felt rather tired; even a 'bus would be an extravagance.

That was Miss Mountjoy's only failing, he told himself, she was expensive. She could not help it, it was born in her, part of her business. Money meant very little to Jim Ferguson, he could not help spending it when he had it, and when he had not got it he managed very well. It gave him much more pleasure to give than to receive—this was no virtue on his part, if anything it was a vice.

His friends told him he was doomed to die in the workhouse, but he only laughed, and said it was a brighter place in which to end one's days than a Chicago pork factory, or an American millionaire's palace.

He paused at the Embankment, and, leaning over the parapet, watched the waters swirling seaward. They looked cold and hungry to-night. From where he stood, stretching away towards the City along the banks of the river, were flaring lamps, and they cast red blots of light on the dark waters like blots of moving blood. The river was in her cruellest mood, and she sang her cruellest song; she was hungry . . . perhaps it was time the City fed her. Here and there on iron seats men and women sat, come to snatch a short sleep until the law found and hurried them on; others staring towards the crooning waters, wondering if it would be their turn next!

Ugly and cruel to the passer-by, hurrying home in his fur coat; but to the artist jingling a few coins in his pocket, infinitely beautiful. For it was all God's handiwork; he saw Nature at work, fulfilling her destiny and the destiny of man, the destiny of the greatest city the world has ever seen.

To his eyes was vouchsafed the scheme of things. Pity filled his heart, but hope and confidence, too. With the wisdom of the child he told himself that it would all come right in the end—and he knew that it would. And with the eyes of the artist he saw the beauty of it as it was at that moment—the black, whispering river, its body outlined by the trembling red lights; and rising through the mist towards the cloudless grey sky the domes and roofs of great buildings, and the spires of churches, and the great crown of the cathedral. And here and there, where streets joined the Embankment, the twinkling of carriage lamps and the jingling of hansom bells. And nearer, on the seats, were the quiet figures of the homeless and sleeping, nearer God than they of the purple and fine linen in the great restaurants that still quivered with soft lights and sweet music.

His pocket was lighter ere he reached Bond Street, and [illegible] down the [illegible] pulled out his latchkey and opened the door of his studio. As he did so he was conscious of two figures crouching against the wall [illegible] beneath the [illegible] "He [illegible] wanted!"

[illegible] were two. He resisted the temptation to enter quickly and close the door, and as he hesitated the figures moved and came towards him.

"Is that Mr. Ferguson?"

"Yes; who are you? What do you want?"

He did not recognise the harsh, boyish voice; it sounded [illegible] like the voice of a beggar.

"It's only [illegible] knows [illegible] sir! We would like to have a word with you—won't keep you a moment."

Ferguson struck a match, saw, and [illegible]

"Good Lord! What are you two doing here at this time

"Forty Famous Songs of England for one shilling." Words and music. The greatest bargain ever offered to the public. Don't miss it.

in the night!" He did not wait for an answer, but held the door wide open. "Oh, come along in—take care where you're going, or you'll fall over something. I'll light the lamp in half a jiffy."

He cautiously felt his way to the table, and in another minute the gloom disappeared, and a cheerful red light dimly illumined the studio. Ferguson threw off his hat and coat; the fire had almost gone out, though it still glowed dully; bending down he put on some coal, and poked it into a blaze. Then he turned to the two figures who were waiting just inside the doorway.

"Well, what do you want?"

Alf left his sister's side, and with a show of bravado advanced a few steps; but his nerve deserted him, and he stood helplessly, and a little sheepishly, on one leg; then, taking off his cap, he scratched his head.

"I brought Maggie along 'cause—'cause—well, we've had to leave 'ome—bit of a row—my fault. I ain't got no money, nor more has she, and you see she's a gal, there ain't nowhere for her to go to-night, and I thought—well, as you was painting her yer'd advance her a shilling or two." He stopped, and his hand crept to his throat savagely. "I'm all right, but you see she's a gal—and—well, have yer got a bob?"

Ferguson burst out laughing, but suddenly he checked himself, bent over the table, and turned the lamp up; then, striding quickly across the room, he looked closely at Maggie. Taking her hand he pulled her forward to the fireside, pushed an arm-chair into place, and made her sit down.

"What's the matter? Something's happened! You look as white as death—by Jove, you're as cold as death, too!"

"Death!" Alf echoed the word under his breath. "She's all right, guv'nor—didn't have time for her dinner. But if yer could make it half-crown we'd be all right!"

Half-unconsciously Jim Ferguson slipped his hand in his pocket and pulled out his loose change; Miss Mountjoy and the grey figures on the Embankment had left him a few coins, more or less. But he felt guilty; he wanted to recall what, an hour ago, they had eaten and drunk.

"That's all right," he said sharply. "Here you are"—he began to laugh—"you come along and have a warm too. Why haven't you got any money?—what's happened?"

The boy glanced at him nervously; he saw the toff in a new light. He bent over the flames with trembling hands. He was shivering as well as Maggie.

"Well, us had a bit of row at 'ome," he said with a brave show of indifference, "leastways, I did. Ma"—he stumbled over the word, so repeated it resolutely—"Ma got wild with Maggie there, and hit her, and I hit back. And so we ain't got no 'ome now nor—nor ma. Us'll be all right to-morrer, but it's just to-night. You understand, mister?" He rose, and rubbed his grimy hands on the seat of his trousers. "Half-a-crown would do beautifully if yer could advance that!"

He was in a hurry to be gone, he was beginning to fear Jim Ferguson; those clear, grey eyes looked as if they might read too much. The atmosphere of the studio frightened him, too; it was not the sort of room he had been used to. It was not even the sort of room he expected toffs to live in; it was uncanny, it was unhealthy, somehow.

It was ghostly. Whichever way he looked he saw ghosts . . . A white hand gleamed against the wall; a white, nude figure rose, like the figure of a goddess, out of the gloom where the curtain was stretched half-across the room. Strange faces—some hideous, some beautiful—stared from canvases on the wall. The red lamp-light sent shadows dancing to and fro from wall to ceiling, and across the floor.

To Alf's surprise Ferguson made no reply to his request, but walked into the shadows—right across the room up to the white, gleaming figure by the curtains. And he stood before the figure with bowed head, his hands clasped behind his back. Alf was afraid to speak, and Maggie was staring right into the red-hot coals. A long time Jim Ferguson stood there, then suddenly he turned.

"Half-a-crown is no good to you," he said sharply. "It's too late for you to get any food to-night."

"What yer syin'," Alf coughed deprecatingly. "Why, there be half-a-dozen coffee-stalls between here and Covent Garden!"

"Well, it's too late to get a decent bed," Ferguson continued.

"I can get lots of beds . . . but it's her, guv'nor—Maggie!"

Ferguson nodded. "It's her I'm thinking of." He walked the length of the room, and back again. "Why haven't either of you any money?" he said sharply.

Maggie raised her head as if to speak, but Alf spoke first—quickly, as if afraid what she might say.

"Ma took all we got—I'm telling you."

"And turned you both out! A nice mother!"

"We 'ed ter go," Alf replied sullenly.

Ferguson opened a cupboard in the wall and produced a jug of milk, eggs, bread, and butter. He found a saucepan, and, pouring the milk into it, set it on the fire. Then he laid a cloth on a small Moorish table, and set the supper. Alf watched open-mouthed; Maggie was crouching over the fire, staring steadily into the glowing coals.

"You'd both better stop here for the night," Ferguson said, as he put four eggs into another saucepan, and set that, too, on the fire.

Alf glanced uneasily around the room, and shook his head. "I'd better go—I couldn't stop . . . but if Maggie'd be quite safe here—why, I'd like ter leave her. She's workin' for yer, ain't she, sir?"

Ferguson nodded. "Why can't you stay, too? I can give you both a shake-down before the fire."

But Alf shook his head obstinately. He could not, and would not, stay; but Maggie should.

Maggie remained silent. When supper was ready—the milk hot and the eggs cooked—Ferguson laid it on the table and himself waited on his unexpected guests. They ate, neither of them quite at their ease, though they ate ravenously, and quite emptied the artist's larder.

"I'd best be going now," Alf said, heaving a deep sigh as soon as he had finished. "Prapz I'll call round and see 'ow Maggie is, in the mornin'. But—if—if I don't come she's not ter worry." His voice trembled unsteadily. "An' you'll look after 'er—an' be good to 'er, won't you, mister?"

He was gone in an instant, before the artist could say a word. He ran down the corridor and looked up and down the street; the night and the yellow mist were swallowing Alf up. But Ferguson caught him, and dragged him back.

Re-entering the studio, he shut and locked the front door, and then, crossing to the fireplace, knelt down by the side of Maggie's chair. Alf curled himself up on a couch—in the shadows.

Maggie was crying quietly, the tears running down her cheeks.

"What has happened?" Ferguson said very gently. "I know something has happened—some great trouble; won't you tell me?"

CHAPTER SEVEN.

As Men Hurt Women They Love.

"Nothing's happened—nothing, really," Maggie said hurriedly, trying to dry her eyes on the sleeve of her dress.

"That's all right," Ferguson replied cheerily; "I don't want to know if you can't tell me."

He laid his hands kindly on her shoulders, patting her gently, rather in the fashion he would have patted a pet dog. Ferguson understood women as well as any man; or, perhaps, being an artist, better than the majority of men, and he was not used to feeling embarrassed in their presence, singly or collectively; but he did now find himself embarrassed by Maggie.

Maybe the tears were responsible; she had checked them for an instant, but now they coursed down her cheeks again almost like twin rivers. It was the touch of his hand that did it; his voice, cheerful and kindly. And she felt like a dog at that moment, one of those street curs used only to kicks, and so it was not fair to give her food and warmth and a kindly pat. Kicks and the whip she would have understood better; a rough word and a blow and her tears would have ceased. She wished Ferguson would take his hand away, yet in her heart she was thrilled by his touch; but it gave her two distinct kinds of pain.

Physically it hurt her, for it opened the wounds her mother had made with the rope-end; it hurt her also in another way and in another part of her body which was invisible, the soul which she had only lately discovered existed.

"I'm all right," she said fiercely between her teeth; "don't make a fuss about me. . . . I expect I've got a touch of the 'fluenza."

"Yes, I expect that's it!" Ferguson laughed. But if Maggie had seen his face she would have been surprised to see how serious it had grown. He had risen to his feet and was stooping to throw some more coal on the fire when he noticed a speck of blood on one of his fingers that had touched her shoulder; he glanced quickly at the ragged bodice; here and there red had soaked through the coarse, grey cotton.

"You're hurt," he said sharply. He bent down and gently, more gently than a woman, lifted the ragged garment and saw the last gift of a dead mother to her child.

"The brute!" he said between his teeth. . . . "Good Heavens, what a pretty world it is!" He glanced towards the shadows where Alf was sitting. Already the boy had fallen into a deep sleep!

Maggie jumped suddenly to her feet and stood with her back to the fireplace, facing him defiantly.

"Don't think I'm crying 'cause of a little scratch like that!" she said, steadying her voice. "That's nothing, it was an accident. Lor', you don't think I would pay any 'tention to a thing like that, do you?" she managed to laugh, and viciously dabbed the last teardrop from her cheek. "I don't know why I was crying; want of somethin' better to do, I suppose."

Ferguson nodded; she could not quite understand the expression on his face, or make up her mind whether he were taking her seriously or laughing at her. His eyes laughed, she was sure of that, and she noticed even in her misery what nice, bright, clean eyes they were; his nostrils quivered—they reminded her strangely enough of the nostrils of the 'bus horses she had seen struggling across the Circus, dragging a load almost beyond their strength, striving to keep a foothold on the wet, treacherous stones; and his mouth looked merely a line, the lips had almost disappeared—one feature contradicted the other. Suddenly she felt afraid of him.

"I ought to go away with Alf," she said slowly, trying to peep over his shoulder towards the door. "I think you had better let us go now, please."

Ferguson said nothing; he had folded his arms and continued to look at her with the same contradictory expression on his face; laughter in his eyes, his nostrils expressive of fear, and his mouth of anger.

"It must be near midnight, isn't it?" Maggie continued, anxious to avoid the silence. She glanced at her feet, uncouthly shod in uncouth boots; her stockings had curled around her ankles again; she stooped intending to pull them up, then remembered the artist's extraordinary preference for seeing things in their wrong places. So she altered her mind, and became suddenly self-conscious and wished that her skirts were longer, and her bodice less ragged.

"How old did you say you were?"

"I don't think I did say. . . . I suppose I'm somewhere about fifteen or sixteen; you needn't be afraid, I can look after myself."

Ferguson nodded; the laughter left his eyes now. "Yes, I suppose you can. Between fifteen and sixteen—you're a woman, Maggie!"

"That ain't much in my favour, is it?" she replied quickly.

Ferguson laughed hardly. "You've learnt that in the gutter—at fifteen or sixteen!"

Suddenly his manner changed, he turned on his heel, walked across the room, pulled back the curtain, and disappeared from view. Maggie watched him out of sight, then she let her eyes rove round the room; she knew it by daylight, but it looked very different by night.

She saw what her brother Alf had seen, white ghosts and shadowy giants, pale gods and goddesses. She with others of her kind had been plunged for a few hours, at odd intervals in her life, into Board Schools and Bible-classes; she had learnt a little and inherited a great deal, and she, too, felt that this big room was unlike the ordinary dwelling-places of ordinary men and women; it was un-English and unholy! It did not even possess by night the conventional respectability of Rockfeller Buildings or Piccadilly. The people and things staring from walls and corners were not flesh and blood; the ghosts that haunted the studio were quite different from the ghosts that haunted the streets and alleys.

She glanced at her brother. Still he slept—worn out!

She moved on tiptoe towards the door, acting on impulse, and not reason; she could hear Ferguson moving about in the inner room beyond the curtain; she wondered what he was doing, paused to listen, and guess. He was going to bed; in a moment he would close the door and draw the curtains and leave her alone in the studio, and, the lamp being turned out, there would only be the firelight to companion her. And that would quickly die and leave her in the darkness with all the bloodless ghosts and queer things hanging on the wall!

Her hand touched the front door, and she hesitated before turning it; she was not really frightened at being left alone, and the darkness had fewer terrors for her than the dawn. It was the light of another day she feared, for Ferguson would question her then, and perhaps someone would come in search of Alf, and then Ferguson would know the truth, and they might even take the artist to prison for hiding them, and refuse to believe he knew nothing of her brother's crime.

It would be kinder to go—and since she had grown from child to woman she wanted to be kind to Jim Ferguson. She pulled her bodice closer with a sharp jerk; she wanted to feel the flesh smart where he had laid his hand. She wished now that he had kept it there longer, she wished that he had really hurt her . . . as men hurt women they love.

Then, frightened by her thoughts and strange feelings, she opened the door quickly and passed into the passage. It slammed behind her noisily, and she groped her way along the wall towards the street; but ere she reached it a flood of red light followed her, and Ferguson caught her by the arm and pulled her back.

He locked the studio door. Holding the lamp in one hand and her arm in the other, he led her across the studio, past the white goddess who smiled with pitying wisdom, beyond the curtain into the inner room. Then he placed the lamp on the dressing-table where a couple of candles burnt and faced the runaway; she glanced at him defiantly, but both defiance and fear fled; for his expression changed, and he reminded her of the other Jim, the big man of large muscle and little brain, for whom no work could be found in the big city where six million people fought for bread.

He looked obstinate, almost sullen; he looked stronger than the other Jim, only his strength was not in his arms and legs. He looked, for the first time in her eyes, a man—dominant, domineering; born to rule all other brutes!

"You want me to stay? You want us both to stay?" she said quietly.

"You have got to stay, Maggie," he replied. "You see that bed? If you are not inside those sheets in ten minutes, so much the worse for you."

"I don't want no sheets." She glanced around the room, it was comparatively a small one; it possessed a dressing-table, a wardrobe, and a couple of chairs. Through an opening at the foot of the bed, half-hidden by a curtain, she saw something gleaming white.

"Couldn't I sleep in that?"

He smiled. "It's a bath; you'd find it hard."

She nodded. "I know, I have threepennorth at Westminster sometimes."

Ferguson picked up the lamp. "It'll cost you nothing to-morrow; now then, ten minutes and lights out." He moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" she asked in surprise.

"To a comfortable chair and a warm fire. I'll wake you up half an hour before breakfast."

He was about to close the door when he hesitated and frowned. The bed was white and comfortable; Maggie's rags were not, and the red lamplight seemed to exaggerate the red stains on her neck and bodice.

"By Jove, you haven't got a nightdress!"

"Never had . . . and I can sleep before the fire; what are you making all this fuss about?"

Ferguson put down the lamp and fumbled in the bottom drawer of the wardrobe; it was not exactly neat, and he took a long time to find what he wanted. He threw some silk pyjamas on the bed and picked up the lamp.

"That'll have to do you—you'll sleep all right; you'd better get off that dress quickly and bathe those—those scratches, or you'll be getting blood-poisoning. Good-night!"

Before she could reply he had closed the door, and she was alone with the candle light and the white bed.

Jim Ferguson re-entered the studio and looked for Alf. The couch was empty; the boy had gone! Ferguson shrugged his shoulders, he pulled the chair up to the fire, threw off his coat and collar, and, wrapping himself up in a rug, turned out the lamp and was soon fast asleep. It was not the first time he had slept on a chair in the studio, and he saw nothing unusual in what he had done. He was one of Nature's children, so he behaved naturally as a matter of course. Life was his mistress, he had learnt first hand from her and obeyed her fearlessly.

(Another long instalment next week.)

"Time flies," the finest voices crack And lose their mellow ring; Get "Forty Famous Songs" at once And sing, my Hearty, sing!

After-Effects of Influenza

Chas. FORDE'S BILE BEANS Restore Perfect Health.

Further remarkable evidence of the superiority of CHAS. FORDE'S Bile Beans compared with ordinary medicines, imitations or otherwise, is contained in the experience of Mrs. Mabel Callas, who was cured four years ago of Biliousness, influenza after-effects, and terrible liver and stomach troubles, though she was, according to her own statement, at death's door for several days. Read her own words:—"A few years ago I had become a sufferer from regular attacks of biliousness. I was at last, early in 1903, seized with such terrible vomiting and diarrhœa, that my body became icy cold, and for a week afterwards I lay at death's door. I recovered, only to be thrown back again. These terrible attacks came repeatedly and with ever shortening intervals between them. I would waken up in the morning with my tongue covered with a "furry" substance, which showed that my stomach was in a bad state.

"My appetite fell away, and I became nothing but a shadow and wreck of my former self.

"Meantime, in my weak state, I fell a victim to influenza, which still further increased my misery. I was in the most hopeless state when my sister persuaded me, after all remedies had failed, to try CHAS. FORDE'S Bile Beans. I soon found I had the right remedy, for my appetite returned, my hopes revived, and I became quite cheerful. I kept on taking CHAS. FORDE'S Bile Beans, the stomach troubles ceased and now I am quite cured."

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You can have a Free Sample Box of the original and only genuine Chas. Forde's bile beans by sending this coupon, your name and address, and 1d. stamp (to cover return postage), to The Bile Bean Co., Greek Street, Leeds.

Pearson's Weekly, Jan. 2/08.

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but my general health was much invigorated." S. A. POCOCK.

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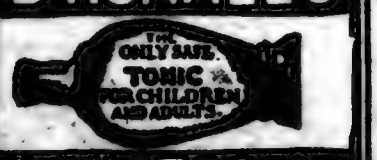

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PLEASE VIVISECT US!

In view of the somewhat belated agitation which has sprung up against the statue of the vivisected brown dog, of Battersea, it is curious to note that plenty of people have offered themselves to be vivisected, for a consideration, within the last few years.

Only last month, for instance, a New York man suffered his finger to be amputated for a paltry £60; while a few weeks ago two young girls allowed themselves to be partially flayed for a skin-grafting operation, the fee paid to each by the beneficiaire being £160.

In another recent case, quoted by the French medical Press, a young man of the artisan class actually sold his nose to a wealthy merchant who had lost his through an accident. He had to submit to have his face practically grafted on to the face of the other subject of the experiment, and both of them had to remain fixed in this extremely uncomfortable position, rigid and immobile, for over two months. Under these circumstances, the sum received by the loser of the nose—£300—does not strike one as being excessive.

But this was in France. In China, where men can even be hired to suffer the death penalty for 600 taels—about £200—such things come cheaper. Thus, Leon Reclus was in the habit, until stopped by his Government, of buying coolies and experimenting upon them at his leisure, the price paid for each rarely exceeding £60. Of course, he used anæsthetics; and he always endeavoured—although in one instance, at least, unsuccessfully—to stop short of killing his subjects; but even then the practice does not seem one that would be likely to commend itself, as a means of earning money, to anybody but a Chinaman.

WHY HE CHOSE.

"And what, dear little boy," asked the minister, "do you intend to be when you grow up?"

"A farmer, sir."

"Very good indeed! To supply the natural food—most good."

"And you?" turning to the second.

"Please, sir, a schoolmaster."

"Even better! Filling the mind of the rising generation with mental food—yes, even better."

"And you?" turning to the third.

"A preacher, sir."

"The best of all, my dear little boy; for filling the soul with spiritual food is far worthier than either filling the mind or body. And what bids you to become a minister?"

"We always have duck for dinner when you come, sir," replied the boy.

COLONISING AN ISLAND FOR ONE DAY ONLY.

On the third day of the New Year the thoughts of scientists all over the world will be centred on Flint Island, a lonely atoll in the South Pacific. For this is the only spot of land on the surface of the globe whence it is possible to view in its entirety the total eclipse of the sun, due on that date.

Already people are foregathering there. Learned men in spectacles are busy with telescopes and cameras, and many other delicate and costly pieces of apparatus, of which the layman knows nothing. The United States is sending a Government expedition, escorted by a warship. And there are, besides, many individual observers acting on their own initiative, these latter, including one Briton, Mr. F. K. McClean.

The island that is thus going to be colonised for one day only, as it were, is about as desolate a spot as it is possible to imagine. In the first place, it is almost as much water as land, for it is only elevated a few feet above the surface of the ocean, and its interior is occupied by a large shallow lagoon. Moreover, it measures no more than a little over two miles in length by half a mile in breadth.

First sighted in 1801, it yielded a fortune in guano to its lucky discoverers.

But when the last spadeful of this valuable manure had been removed, leaving the underlying bare coral rock exposed, there was nothing left to stay for. So for thirty years and more it remained uninhabited, during which time it became covered with thick brushwood.

Then it was occupied by an Englishman, who argued that, if the soil was fertile enough to produce brushwood, it could also be made to grow cocoanut palms. He was right in his surmise. And Flint Island yielded yet another fortune, in copra this time. And now it is to be utilised in the interests of science.

Truly, a varied experience for one tiny islet, so insignificant in point of size that it is only shown by a microscopic dot on even the largest scale maps.

THE LOCAL CUP.

A Ballad of Village Football.

I don't say as 'ow the Rampers was up to First League form,
Though village teams adown our way *did* find them pretty warm.
They weren't no match for the Villa, the 'Spurs, and all that lot;
Still—*when they 'ad winning orders*—the Rampers weren't 'arf 'ot!

Old Nubbly Smith the Rampers 'ailed as leader and as 'ead;
'E was the man what ran the team—for love, 'e always *said;*
'E owned the ground on which they played; 'e kept the village pub,
And—'e brought south Macgroggington, the darling of the club!

Born Scotland way, of Irish blood, I've 'eard admirers say,
'E'd signed for mostly all the Leagues before 'e came our way;
Smith got 'im cheap, by all accounts, after 'e'd killed a back
What 'ad appealed agin' a foul—that maddened good old Mac!

An 'oly terror in 'is time, before the liquor told,
Whilst Smith could keep the muzzle on, our Mac was 'ard to 'old;
'E was the man what got our goals; 'e was our pride, our 'ope,
And—it was 'im the Sloshers knew that they must buy or dope!

We Rampers 'eld that local cup the Sloshers ached to lift,
Time and agin Smith was approached to bring it in a gift;
But 'e was sporting through and through, as all the village said,
"Five pun ten, or—we plays to win!" Smith's ultermatum read.

Them was 'is terms, and fair enough, to 'aggle 'e disdained,
And when they tried to get at Mac, Smith almost kept 'im chained.
The other ten was 'ighly paid, faithful, and loyal, and true,
Smith trusted 'em, but *'e'd forgot what winmen's guile can do!*

For Mac was mad on Susan Pigg, what lived at Slosherville,
She said 'er team must win that cup, or *she'd* be downright ill!
They used to meet unknown to Smith—Mac's pore 'ead seemed to whirl
As 'e 'ung between Smith's bonus and that designing girl.

"Young man, you 'as your choice!" she said, and tossed 'er 'ead with pride.
"Hunless the Sloshers wins that cup, I may not be your bride!"
Them dreadful words rang in Mac's ears upon that fateful day
When Rampington and Slosherville was gathered for the fray.

Buggins, M.P., kicked off for us, cloth boots, and gout, and all.
My 'eart fair bled for 'is pore toes agin that 'eavy ball.
'E tried to amble off the ground when 'e 'ad done 'is whack,
But by bad luck Mac's first mad rush took 'im fair in the back!

They bore 'im moaning to the ropes. Mac went right off 'is game;
'E seemed to think that Parlyment might 'old 'e was to blame;
'E couldn't shoot for monkey nuts, 'is mien was meek and mild;
Smith raged along the line to see 'im 'armless as a child.

'E wouldn't trip, 'e 'ardly fouled, 'e scarcely broke a rule,
'E weren't the good old Mac we know, 'e simply played the fool.
We 'owled to 'im to play the man, we tried to stir 'is shame——
It weren't no good; Macgroggington was put right off 'is game.

Of course, that's only 'ow it *seemed*. It weren't that pore M.P.
'Go'd really spoilt Mac's shooting boots; it was that 'e could see
That Jessybell upon the line, and knowed that, if we won,
Although 'is bonus would be safe 'is courting days was done.

And so, although the Sloshers got one lucky goal and led,
For all the good Mac did for us 'e might 'ave been in bed;
And at 'arf time I caught 'is eye, and felt an 'orrid thrill
To see it like an elephant's what feels extremely ill.

I seed that things was queer with 'im, but 'ow was I to know
The fearful truth, that Susan Pigg 'ad brought 'im down so low
That he could plan to sell 'is side, in terror of 'er frown,
When our brave lads was out to win *and all our money down!*

Just 'arf a mo before the end Mac 'ad an open goal,
Their keeper 'ad come out and missed, Mac only 'ad to stroll
Into the net, as you may say; *instead of that 'e* beat
And picked the ball up with 'is 'ands—and then the whistle went!

There ain't no more to tell you, sir; Mac 'ad to leave these parts,
The Rampers' backers (I was one!) near broke their honest 'earts,
And Smith, 'e's sickened of the game, 'e sez 'e's certain quite
There ain't no purity in sport—and I'm afeared 'e's right!

WHEN TRADE BOOMED.

Two newsboys sat in the gallery of a theatre in which "Hamlet" was being played. It being the first time they had seen a play they were held breathless with excitement.

In the last scenes, after Hamlet had killed Laertes and the King, the Queen had died of poison, and Hamlet of a poisoned wound, the younger of the two could contain himself no longer.

Turning to his chum of the streets, in rapturous tones he said, "Golly, Bill, what a time that must have been for sellin' speahuts!"

THE BARMAID'S DAY.

In no trade or calling open to women are the hours so long as those exacted from the average barmaid.

Her day usually begins at 7 a.m., and ends in London at 1 a.m. on the morning following. This makes eighteen hours, but three hours must be deducted for rest and meals, leaving fifteen hours devoted to the actual work of her profession.

And very hard and tiring work it is, too; far more so, indeed, than most people are aware of. She has not only to serve customers, but is expected to keep everything in and about her bar as neat and spotless as the after-deck of a man-of-war.

To perform this satisfactorily, involves a vast amount of scrubbing, washing, rinsing, polishing, and cleaning up generally. No one who has not been behind a large, well-appointed bar, can have any idea of the number of shelves and little cupboards there are hidden away beneath the counter, and in all sorts of odd corners, occupying every inch of spare space.

All these are in charge of the barmaid, who is responsible for their cleanliness and order. Many a barmaid "puts in" before breakfast as much real hard "elbow-work" as does an ordinary domestic servant in half a day.

Yet this is merely preliminary to her real business, which is, of course, to serve customers and make herself agreeable. This she has to do all day and every day, Sundays and week-days alike. The resultant strain is very severe. Few but the strongest are able to stand it for long.

And few do, as a matter of fact. They get married instead.

Which is the real reason why one so seldom sees an elderly barmaid.

BROUGHT UP TO IT.

A lady engaged a country girl as general servant. One evening the lady asked her if she thought she could manage to poach half-a-dozen eggs for supper! The girl quickly and laughingly replied that she could do that right enough.

"Very good," said her mistress, "I'll just see what you can do," and went away. Shortly afterwards she had occasion to speak to the girl again, but to her great astonishement she was not to be found in the house. Presently she came tripping in with her hat and jacket on, smiling radiantly.

"I've got 'em all right, mum," she said, "half-a dozen beauties."

"Half-a-dozen beauties," repeated her mistress, questioningly, "what do you mean?"

"Eggs, mum," she said, smiling.

"But there are plenty of eggs in the house, girl, without buying more," remarked her mistress.

"Lor, mum, I didn't buy 'em," she said. "You told me to poach 'em, and I managed it fine. You see," she added, by way of information, "my father and brothers do a bit of poaching, so I knew in a minute what you meant."

WARRING OVER WHISKY AND TOBACCO.

To-day terror reigns throughout the western part of the State of Kentucky, U.S.A.

The Tobacco Trust wants to buy the tobacco crop at its own price. The growers object. Hence the trouble.

It is very real trouble, too, and sanguinary. Only the other day Hopkinsville, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, was raided, and partly burned, by 400 armed men. This outrage attracted world-wide attention. But every day for months past there have been pitched battles fought between the rival parties, in which many lives have been lost, and no one outside the disturbed area is any the wiser.

It was in this same neighbourhood, by the way, that the great whisky war raged. The Government decreed a special excise tax on whisky. The Kentucky mountaineers, "moonshiners" to a man, flew to arms, and their example was followed by large numbers of illicit distillers and their sympathisers in the adjoining states of West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

So serious did the situation become, that a special session of Congress was cabled to repeal the obnoxious impost. But by that time troops were in the field, and hundreds of lives were lost, while the value of the property destroyed was estimated at over £7,000,000.

From so small causes do great events spring. Even here, in the United Kingdom, we have gone through a somewhat similar experience. The Irish Tithe War, for example, which was fought out to the battle-cry of, "More pigs and fewer parsons," was, in reality, a great popular uprising against the payment of dues in kind to representatives of an alien Church. And its immediate inception was due to nothing more serious and startling than the illegal seizure of a widow's "porker" by a grasping tithe proctor.

"Old friends are best" in "Forty Songs" You'll find without a doubt, Each favourite song you've known and loved, Since first you learned to shout.

SERIAL STORY.

The House of Rimmon.

By JOHN K. PROTHERO, Author of "In the Grip of Fate."

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

Sir Douglas Blythe, a wealthy man and a leading light in the social world, controls Smith and Co., an organisation that sends rotten ships to sea to profit by the insurance money.

Rosalie Blythe, his wife. When her son was born she smuggled him to a fishing village, and he reaches manhood, a common sailor, under the name of Brettal. He learns of his parentage, confronts Sir Douglas, and is mysteriously killed.

Betty is Sir Douglas's niece, and she seems to know more about the murder than her uncle.

Hedley Stuart is the Argus Insurance Company's solicitor. Brettal told him that Smith and Co. purposely destroyed a ship, and stated that Blythe controlled the gang.

Barbara Fleming was engaged to Stuart, but she married his rival, **Conrad Le Patrol.**

Colgrave, Drake, and **Stebbing**, a Jew moneylender, form Sir Douglas Blythe's gang.

Nan Hallam, who is really Natt Drake's sister, and was employed by Stebbing, is rescued from starvation by Stuart, and confided into the keeping of **Peggy Marling**, an artist.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

"Oh, Death in Life, the Days that are no More."

"Really! Did the solicitor have you without a reference, or did the old stick-in-the-mud at home speak for you?" asked Natt.

Nan smiled disdainfully.

"That's my business," she said. "One thing, he's not likely to discharge me. I know too much," she added. Then, in a burst of anger, "I've found someone who'll take my word against the Jew's, poor and friendless as I am. My employer is up against Stebbing; I can help him with his case," she added viciously.

"I hope you'll keep the appointment, my dear," said her brother, disregarding her threat.

"I mean to—and"—she turned upon him fiercely—"if you take my advice you'll make it your business to see I'm not interfered with."

"Why should I—I've nothing to hope for from you?"

"You've something to fear." Her voice dropped, her face grew tense. "Listen to me, Natt. I've loved you all my life. I've worked for you, starved myself that you could have a chance—you know how you've repaid me. But that's all over. I'm playing a lone hand now, and if you interfere with me I'll fight you to the last."

Then, with a quick change of voice, a sudden softening of her face: "If only I could touch you. If even now I could wean you from the course you've taken I'd work my fingers to the bone for you. Is there a chance?" She glanced at him, and the hardness of her eyes melted under the influence of the love that, crushed and bruised indeed, still blossomed in her heart. "Oh, Natt, brother, won't you listen to me? We were so much to one another in the past. You used to cry for 'sister' when you were a little lad, and frightened of the dark. You used to throw your arms round my neck and say you loved me more than all the world. And I—oh, when I remember the soft, clinging baby lips, when I remember the clear, childish voice, my heart breaks, my soul dies. Natt, is it too late? You've been a long time in the dark, dear, the darkness of evil. Won't you let sister come to you with the light? Dear Natt! Won't you listen? Let us leave London, leave the old life, with all its sins and sorrows, and start afresh. I'll come with you; I'm ready now, this minute, to go with you, across the world. Dearest Natt, will you refuse?" She clung to him with streaming eyes and tender hands. He was dear to her. He, the child of many prayers and sorrows. The measure of her suffering was the measure of her love.

"It's too late, girlie; I've taken my path, I must follow it to the end. You're a good sort all the same, and sometimes, I confess it, I've a sneaking longing for the old days. I still want my kind sister when I'm wretched and alone. Ah, but we had an awful childhood, you and I, a drunken mother, a vagabond father. Can you wonder I took to stealing, as a duck takes to the pond? I came to London; by your help, I acknowledge, and got a berth at a pound a week. O Lord, Nan, but it's grinding misery for a man to try and live on such a sum. I used to pray for Saturday that I might have a bit of a fling, and then on Monday I'd wake to misery and empty pockets once again. And then I met Stebbing. A fellow-clerk suggested I should apply for a loan of £5. I could not pay it back. He wrote to my employer, who, in a fit of righteous horror, discharged me then and there, and I was flung on the world without a penny. And then the devil tempted me, gave me food to eat, wine to drink, put money in my pockets, and, what was more, offered me good fellowship and laughter. The devil is a mighty pleasant person when one is starving, body and soul. Satan in this instance was clothed in the identity of Stebbing. I entered his service; he paid me well!"

"And you have scruples about leaving such a creature? Or is it that you have so little confidence in me or yourself as to suppose you can't make money in an honest way?"

The young man shook his head.

"I've a bit in the bank," he said, "and if it were only Stebbing, I'd cut the painter and throw in my luck with you."

"Then there's someone else, Natt. Is it a woman?"

"No, it's not"—he paused. "I'm bound, heart and soul, by every tie of gratitude, to one of the greatest men who ever lived," he said earnestly. "There's no one like him in the world. I'd die for him; at his word I'd lay down my life. I tell you, when he speaks he plays upon your soul and binds you hand and foot. I've taken service under him. I've vowed always to obey him—I mean to keep my oath."

"And this great man tells you to cheat and to steal?" she asked scornfully.

"You can call it stealing if you like. I say it's only getting from the rich what they have filched from the poor."

"Who is this man?"

"That you aren't likely to learn. You have never heard of him or seen him; he moves in a different world to you and I."

"Stebbing obeys his orders?" she asked, moistening her lips, dry with a sudden fear.

"So does everybody he comes in contact with. You'd serve him yourself for the asking."

"He works through Stebbing, and through you to others. He makes you his tools—he's a lot to answer for, that man. Please God, he'll be brought to justice some day, for the man he's ruined."

"Enough of that, Nan," her brother interrupted.

"If I could bring him to justice—if I could hound him down"—she paused. "Natt!" she cried. "Natt, would you quit the life you're living and start fresh if—if this man let you go?"

"Absurd! I wouldn't ask him."

"But if of his own will he released you from your oath?"

"I don't want to be released. I'd follow him to the scaffold. You women can't understand what a man feels for his leader. I'd cut off my hand before I'd go back on him."

"I will force him to let you go"—her voice shook with emotion. She forgot all considerations of prudence and reserve. Conscious only of a fierce desire to wrest from this unknown malevolent influence her brother's soul.

"*You!*" Natt laughed contempt. "Stop it, old girl, you make me tired. You know nothing of the man I mean."

"I do." She turned round quickly, standing motionless upon the pavement. "I do," she cried, and clutched Natt's arm. The flying crowd jostled them, the roar of the traffic deafened them, but for the moment each was conscious only of the other's eyes. In hers a desperate courage; in his a sudden fear.

"He has a soft, sweet voice, a purring voice, that fascinates and frightens; I should know it again in a thousand. I shall hear it again one day, and when I do I shall denounce him as a thief, a murderer—Natt, let go, let go, you're hurting me."

"I mean to," he said brutally; "you make me sick with your blithering talk about voices. Don't you abuse my friends, my girl, or it'll be the worse for you." He paused, the bully writ large upon his face.

"You've convinced me—if I wanted conviction," she cried. "The man with the soft voice is the man I want. I'll find him, too, and fight him for your soul—he spoke over the telephone wire when I was at Stebbing's. He said"—she paused and moistened her lips—"he said that Stebbing was to send—to send someone to meet Dorham. You know what happened to *him?*"

"The silly fool got under a motor."

"He was pushed under," she interrupted.

"You can't prove it?"

"And the man who—who pushed him and is guilty of his death was the man whose name came over the telephone. I know the name. Oh, Natt, I *know it.*"

He flushed and glanced uneasily from side to side. Nan's voice raised in accusation, her eager face, her excited gestures were attracting notice. He put his arm through hers, and turned up the narrow street leading from Holborn to Lincoln's Inn Fields. He led her to a seat under a tall and stately elm just bursting into leaf. The birds twittered in the branches; on the grass the children played.

"You spoke of a solicitor who has employed you," he said slowly, "and who is working up a case against Stebbing. Have you by chance told him that name?"

"No."

"You have told him of your suspicions as to how Dorham met his death?"

"Yes."

"And of the man with the soft voice?"

"Yes."

"You mean to ally yourself with him?"

"Against Stebbing and the man who controls him and you."

"On the day—if it ever comes—that my chief is taken I blow out my brains—you will work for my death, remember that, Nan. And incidentally, you'll be broken, crushed, ground into powder."

"I'll chance that."

"Then"—he rose and stared hard at her—"It will be war to the knife. I'll give you a last chance, Nan, the last, remember. If you promise to forget all you heard or discovered at Stebbing's office, to leave your solicitor and trouble your head no more about things you don't understand, I'll give you five hundred pounds, and promise you a situation in an office devoted to legitimate business. You can come with me now and get the money from the bank. It wants ten minutes to four, you've just time to do it. For old time's sake, Nan, be advised by me and take the offer." He put his hand on her shoulder. "You're putting your woman's weakness against the strongest, the most powerful of men. I tell you that I could no more escape him than that beetle can escape me." He brought his heel with a sinister crunch on the head of an inoffensive insect crawling across the path. "There's no escape," he said gravely; "you'll go under, Nan, unless"—he paused—"you'll accept my offer?" he said earnestly.

For a moment she wavered. She was poor, remember, and in the great city, save for him, she was alone. Friendless but for the charity of chance acquaintances. Her heart yearned for his love.

"I want to care for you, old girl, I *do* care for you. We'll have good times together, Nan. Oh, kiddy, don't be a fool—you haven't more than sixpence in your pocket—you won't throw away five hundred bits of shining gold?"

The door of the Temple of Rimmon was set open; the scent of the flowers, the flash of gorgeous raiment, the glitter of jewels dazzled her soul. She was poor, she was friendless—at the altar of the god stood her brother, child of how many hopes and fears!

And then the girl's indomitable courage triumphed.

"No," she cried, "no—I never will consent. I will fight for your soul to the end."

The gates of the Temple crashed together, the flowers, the music, the faint scent of incense faded. She stood in the dark grey world.

Without a word her brother turned and left her. She sank back on to the seat trembling, suddenly fearful that after all she could not wrest him from this strange and sinister power.

The beetle on the gravel, victim of man's cruelty, raised a bruised and battered head, maimed, indeed, and crushed, it yet had life. Slowly and by painful degrees it worked its way across the path into the long, cool grass, and vanished from sight.

She watched its progress with a startled interest.

"It has escaped," she cried, and drew a quivering breath. Even so, like this poor insect, might not Natt find a refuge in the days to come?

She rose and made her way through the nearest gate, then turned in the direction of Hedley Stuart's office.

As she went up the stairs a figure rapidly emerged from an adjoining doorway. Natt Drake—for it was he—whistled below his breath.

"So that's her game," he muttered. "And it means—*mischief!*"

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

A Modern Spartan.

During the week that followed Judith's card party, Sir Douglas Blythe haunted Soho interviewing dealers in curiosities with unflagging industry and patience.

He was, he explained to each and every one, desirous of purchasing a certain necklace of gold beads, of filigree pattern outlined with tiny jewels. He had seen such a necklace in a shop window some months back, but had not noted the address. Did the respectable member of the tribe of Judah who kept the shop remember a trinket corresponding to the description?

The particular son of Judah or Levi addressed spread his hands, made diligent search among his possessions, and swiftly set out his rarest and most costly goods. One and all, however, eventually confessed they had not such a necklet in their stock, nor could they recall exposing it for sale.

At last, in a small shop near Wardour Street, kept by a delightful, if dirty, Italian nobleman—his manners earn him the description—Sir Douglas found a clue. The Italian had been away from town; in his absence the shop-boy had displayed colossal ignorance of everything. Now, however, the full fount of the proprietor's eloquence was at the baronet's disposal.

"A necklace of gold beads—and jewels. Ah, but the jewels!" A rolling of the eye, expressive motions of the hands, "the artifice was worthy of the cunning of a Florentine! Such a specimen but rarely delighted the soul of a connoisseur these days. The saints be praised, however, Giovanni Bianco knew good work when he saw it. It was a cut to the heart to part with the necklace—but what would you—times were hard!" Sir Douglas listened gravely, and conveyed with due delicacy his sense of gratitude at meeting and conversing with so distinguished a virtuoso as Signor Bianco!

The Italian nobleman bowed with a grace his shabby velvet coat could not disguise. His shop, his stock, his life, and honour were at the disposal of this so eloquent gentleman. He desired to know to whom the necklet so beautiful had been sold. The signor had a wife who had a love of jewels! A thousand pities he had not secured the beads! The purchaser—Signor Bianco tapped his forehead with a soiled but taper-fingered hand, as he recalled the day and hour of the sale so cruel. The purchaser was not without discrimination, but what would you, with a shrug, he had not the feeling of an artist? He bought the beads—the saints be praised, he had not haggled at the price! A dagger also, an old Italian dagger. He—Giovanni Bianco—had shed tears to part with! It had belonged to an ancestress of his family, Fiammetta of the golden hair. The name of the purchaser? Surely, also the address. Bianco turned over the leaves of a well-thumbed ledger.

His patrons, he explained, liked to be kept informed if he had anything special to offer them. The signor perhaps desired to buy the beads again? He glanced shrewdly from his soft, brown eyes, seeking a commission.

The baronet, however, intimated that such was not his intention. There were other necklets as desirable. Witness those beautiful specimens in the glass case at the end of the shop! If Signor Bianco would take the trouble——

The Italian ran to do his bidding—and incidentally to dust the glass of the case. Giovanni's back turned, Sir Douglas drew the ledger close and turned over the pages. There, in the solicitor's own writing, was the name of Hedley Stuart and his address.

The date! He breathed quickly as he realised the sale was made the day after Brettal's murder. The plan germinated the night of Judith's party was beginning to take shape and form.

Some two or three specimens of Italian enamels and quaint silver work were purchased at a rate which earned for ever the respectful homage of Fiammetta's descendant.

"You buy in Italy, I suppose?" asked the baronet, "or do these things come into your hands privately?"

"All over the world I buy," was the grandiloquent reply. "Our Lady be praised, Giovanni Bianco is known to all as an artist and an honest man."

(*Continued on page 475.*)

"Forty Famous Songs of England for one shilling." Words and music. The greatest bargain ever offered to the public. Don't miss it.

GIVEN AWAY.

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

A Wonderful Book on Money-Making.

Within the last few weeks there has been an overwhelming demand for a remarkable book dealing with a subject of absorbing interest, a subject that interests both young and old, rich and poor alike. This little volume does not ascend into the realms of visions; on the contrary, it tears aside the curtain that so often obscures our understanding of things, and it deals with plain, cold facts. It enlightens the man who is interested and instructs and informs the man who is ignorant. It tells of new fields and pastures green, and points—without fear or favour—to where those fields and pastures lie.

This is not a book for the library shelf. It is a book to be read, and can be read by the young as well as the old. It will serve as a fund of information for the former and a source of inspiration to the latter. For every careful, thrifty man or woman it is one of the books that is essential. One's education is not complete without having read its thrilling and fascinating pages. The subject of money-making by modern methods is fully explained, and, considering the invaluable nature of the information imparted, it is done in such a masterly manner that your interest is at its highest pitch from beginning to end.

Nearly one hundred thousand copies of this publication have already been distributed, and those who have read it through have sent for copies for their friends.

This book, that no one can read without benefit, will, for a limited period only, be sent free to all inquirers.

There is, of course, no telling how soon it may be impossible to procure further copies, and it would therefore be unwise to miss such an opportunity.

Write at once—to-day—and you will receive a copy by return post.

Simply send your full name and address (a post-card will do) to the publishers, Messrs. Arnold and Butler (Room 945 B), 124 Holborn, London, E.C. The book will be sent you absolutely free of all cost, and you may keep it without incurring any obligation of any kind.—[ADVT.]

THE FAMOUS

"Mab" Dwarf Razor

The description "Mab" is of the finest cutting instrument in the world, manufactured of best steel. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark, "The MAB." Black Handle, 2s. 6d.; Ivory Handle, 3s. 6d. The "MAB" SAFETY RAZOR with extra blade Price 2/6. The "Mab" Razor used in this razor can obtainable, post free, "MAB" Oil, sample 4d. Newington.

A BOON TO LADIES

BLANCHARD'S PILLS

are especially compounded for ladies, and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent Physicians, and sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/1½ a box, or post free from Leslie Martyn, Chemists, 24 Dalston Lane, London.

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR.

A 1d. packet makes 12 delicious light buns with certain spices, Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla.

GAUTIER'S PILLS,

composed of Apiol, Tansy, Pennyroyal, and Steel, regulate the system. Invaluable for all disorders of the female constitution. Post free 7½d., 2/9, and 4/6 per box. Mention this paper. Sole Agents: BALDWIN & CO., Chemists Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

The Uses of BOVRIL

IN THE SICK ROOM.

One of the most important of its many advantages lies in the great value of Bovril as a nourishing stimulant in emergency or sudden illness.

Bovril is all beef—beef with all its nourishing constituents combined in a form capable of assimilation by the weakest digestion.

Bovril makes delicious soups—fragrant bowls of palate-tempting nourishment, often enjoyed by the invalid when other food is rejected.

And Bovril is ready for immediate use—a never-failing resource in the most sudden emergency.

Every household should therefore have Bovril.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

provides a complete, hot, nourishing soup of beef, vegetables and seasoning, at the cost of a few pence for a family, in about fifteen or twenty minutes.

E.D.S. will turn a cold scrap dinner into a good, savoury hash or stew; an appetising meal for a cold day.

E.D.S. adds to the enjoyment of life; makes one almost glad to see cold weather.

"My dear, buy it."

"Why don't they use Lux?"

Purifying. **LUX** Refreshing.

For FLANNELS, WOOLLENS, DAINTY FABRIC.

Softens Hard Water.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

Fear Every Little Cold.

THE BEGINNING OF BRONCHITIS.

If you fear bronchitis, pleurisy, and pneumonia, fear then every little cold. There is never any telling where a cold on the chest may end. Even consumption itself may be the penalty of a day's neglect. To banish that nasty cold on the chest and ensure freedom from more serious lung ailments, there is nothing to rival the scientific medicine in handy tablet form—Peps, the medicine you breathe into your lungs. In Peps we have a sure preventative of serious trouble after chill has gripped you, and an undoubted cure for the cold itself.

Mr. A. Green, 65 St. George's Road, Aldershot, for 22 years in the Military Police, used Peps successfully for a frightful cold in the head and chest. He writes:

"It was nothing but cough, cough, cough, night and day. My head was completely stuffed up, so that I could scarcely breath. My friends advised many different remedies, but none of them did me any good. A chemist to whom I explained my symptoms strongly advised me to try Peps. Well, before I had half finished that box my cold was completely broken up. What is more, I feel in better health bodily than I have done for a long time. I know it is Peps that have done this for me, for I have taken nothing else. I have given Peps to my wife and children, and to several friends who wanted to know what had pulled me round so quickly. You are welcome to use this letter in full if you wish, for facts are facts."

Immediately you place a Pep in the mouth, the wonderful tablet dissolves and emits powerful healing, strengthening fumes. These mingle with the breath and are carried down the bronchial tubes to the furthest limits of the lungs. In this natural manner every part of the weakened and congested bronchial tubes are impregnated with the healing and invigorating essences which make Peps so sharply distinctive from all other cough and cold medicines. Liquid mixtures and lozenges merely soothe for a time by drugging the nerves through the stomach. Peps go direct to the seat of the trouble in the lungs and remove the cause of the ailment. To thousands of sufferers to-day these wonderful tablets are a boon and a blessing. Every day numberless letters of praise are received. We have given a specimen.

Peps

Recommended by the Medical Profession, and absolutely unrivalled and unique as a cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore or relaxed throat, laryngitis, clergyman's throat, smoker's throat, bronchial colds, weak chest, chest inflammation, hoarseness, hoarseness, wheeziness, loss of voice, that tickling cough, old-age cough, influenza, morning cough, asthma, chest pains, chest tightness, croup, whooping cough, and children's throat and chest ailments, and all adult throat and lung ailments. Peps (note the short distinctive title) are sold in dainty boxes for 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. (2s. 9d. family size contains three times the 1s. 1½d.), by all chemists, or from the Sole Proprietors of Peps, Carlton Hill, Leeds. Refuse cheap, gritty, and useless lozenges. There is nothing just as good as Peps, the wonderful medicine in handy tablet form.

FREE!

This Coupon, cut out and sent to Peps, Carlton Hill, Leeds, entitles you to a free Sample Packet of Peps. Enclose 1d. stamp for return postage.

Pearson's Weekly, Jan. 2, '08.

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THE

ALEXANDRA Kimono Robe,

9/6

Postage 6d. extra.

A Beautiful Ivory Jap Silk Handkerchief trimmed with Valetta Maltese Silk Lace.

The "Kimono Robe" consists of well-cut skirt and *side*-as Kimono bodice, of an entirely new design, which can be worn over *any* blouse.

It is the embodiment of Fashion and Elegance, and is suitable for walking or indoor wear. Made in soft Vicuna cloth. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown. Sizes: 32in., 40in., 43in. skirt.

Price 9/6, postage 6d. extra.

Ivory Japanese Silk Blouse, well and stylishly made, with yoke of Valenciennes Lace, front strap and collar of heavy lace to match, three-quarter sleeves, 5/6, post free. Can be worn with the Alexandra Robe. Makes a complete fashionable costume for 15/6, post free.

Send to-day and get the **FREE** *Present.*

DAINTY DRAPERY CO. (Dept. C), 10 Archer St. Works, Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

WINTER COUGHS

Master Archer.

Mrs. Brown.

WHOOPING COUGH.

Cured After 9 Months.

The extraordinary efficacy of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure in children's cough troubles is once more to the fore. Mrs. Archer, of 217 Cann Hall Road, Leytonstone, writes: "My little boy, just three years old, suffered terribly for over nine months from whooping cough. He coughed continuously all that time, and we did not know what it was to have a good night's rest with him, and we thought he would not live. I tried nearly everything you can mention — emulsions, lozenges, &c.—and spent pounds, but found nothing do him any good until I tried Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I got a 9½d. bottle and in a week he was quite cured, and I cannot tell you how grateful I am for your wonderful remedy."

BRONCHIAL CATARRH.

"The Finest Medicine."

Most interesting testimony to the unique and speedy healing powers of that safe, sure and effective family medicine, Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, comes from Mrs. J. Brown of 2 Fairfield Road, Chelmsford, who writes:—"For about a year I suffered severely from bronchial catarrh. I tried several patent medicines, but found none so successful as Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. After taking only three doses I obtained great relief, both in breathing and coughing, and after taking your great remedy for a little time I was quite well again. I am never without a bottle of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure in the house, and shall continue to recommend it to my friends as the finest medicine for coughs of any kind."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the safest and surest remedy for:

COUGHS & COLDS, BRONCHITIS, WEAK LUNGS, ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, CHILDREN'S COUGHS,

9½d

Larger sizes, 1/1½ and 2/9, of all chemists and stores, or post free from the Veno Drug Co., Cedar Street, Manchester.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR SKIN.

VALUABLE HINTS FOR THE WINTER.

Those people who are now suffering from cracked hands and a raw nasty feel about their faces, necks and arms, probably do not realise that neglect may lead to some irritating itching skin disease from which it may be very hard to escape.

Don't forget that the skin surfaces are being continually worn away and renewed from below by the growth of new tissue. Don't forget that the damp, raw, cold days of winter make the skin harden and crack, and that if the pores of the skin are clogged by any means, the impurities become "heaped up" in the tissue instead of being thrown off in the usual way.

Don't neglect a cut or a sore for fear of blood-poisoning or inflammation. Zam-Buk is the world's greatest antiseptic healer. Whether the trouble is a rash from a sudden chill, swelling and inflammation from "chaps" on washing-day, or chafing or cold sores produced by friction or exposure—keep your box of Zam-Buk handy and use it freely and promptly.

HAND-IN-HAND WITH NATURE.

This great healing balm owes its success and unique influence over the skin to certain rich healing vegetable juices, and the remarkable manner in which these extracts are put together.

Zam-Buk works hand-in-hand with Nature, as befits its natural origin. In the case of a cut, scald, burn, bruise, or any open sore, its first work is to kill off the microbes, which ever being present in the air, settle on the raw flesh and set up inflammation and blood-poisoning. Having killed the pain and stopped the inflammation and restored the important functions of the skin to healthy activity, Zam-Buk next helps to replace the injured or diseased parts by thoroughly sound and healthy tissue, and finally covers the whole with a beautiful new skin—in one sense like the "skin" that forms on the top of a cup of cocoa that is left standing.

This marvellous work of regeneration is so minute and complicated that a powerful microscope would be required to watch the building-up of the new tissue. The process may be likened to a builder extending a new row of houses. New cells are created until the whole of the injured, irritated or diseased surface is changed. In regard to this work, Zam-Buk differs from, and is immeasurably superior to, all ointments and cheap salves.

THE SECRET OF PERFECT SKIN-HEALTH.

What the sufferer first notices as the applications of Zam-Buk are continued is that all itching, tenderness, and soreness are quickly allayed. In the case of skin disease, burning patches cease to torture, ulcers and eruptions dry up and grow less, and in the end, thanks to Zam-Buk's ideal method, all disfigurement is for ever banished.

No skin looks so well, or is in fact so soft, sound, so sweet or so healthy throughout, as the skin that has had frequent dressings of Zam-Buk. This perfection is more than "skin-deep," seeing that a healthy skin (made healthy by Zam-Buk), often exerts a wholesome influence upon the rest of the body. You cannot afford to neglect your skin. Put it into perfect condition with the ideal Zam-Buk treatment.

TEST ZAM-BUK FREE NOW.

You can start your own skin treatment NOW, without any expense to yourself. All you have to do is to send your name and address and a 1d. stamp—mentioning *Pearson's Weekly*, Jan. 2, 1908—to the Zam-Buk Co., Greek Street, Leeds, who will promptly send you a dainty sample box. One tiny sample is sufficient to convince you of Zam-Buk's unique power.

Zam-Buk is unequalled for eczema, eruptions, sores, wounds, ulcers, ringworm, scalp disease, and piles; for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sprains, rheumatism, lumbago, back pains, &c. Of all chemists, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., 45 Cowcross Street, London, E.C., or C. E. Fulford Ltd., Leeds, for 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. per box. (2s. 9d. box contains nearly four times the 1s. 1½d.)

ZAM-BUK MEDICINAL SOAP.

Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap, designed for all troubled with tender or diseased skins, not only removes the surface dirt, but gets down into the pores and glands, and dispels the impurities that clog up and foul the skin. This is why Zam-Buk Soap clarifies so thoroughly—clears away blemishes, banishes all trace of disease, and puts the skin in the pink of perfection.

The superiority of Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap over all other so-called medicinal and toilet soaps lies in the correct combination of its medicinal and cleansing ingredients, and in the unique germ-killing and medicinal properties of its rich herbal essences. They are so beautifully balanced that each is able to work on the skin properly, and the result is not only perfect purification at the time of washing, but clarifying, germicidal, disease-resisting influence for hours afterwards.

Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap may be obtained from any chemist for 1s. per large tablet. Dainty box of three tablets, 2s. 9d.

Five Guineas for a Print.

A GOLDEN CHANCE FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The Editor of "THE ROYAL MAGAZINE" offers FIVE GUINEAS for the copyright of the best photographic study of

TWO CHILDREN KISSING

which reaches him not later than February 1st, 1908.

The prize-winning photograph, together with a selection of the best efforts of other competitors, will be reproduced in the "ROYAL." Each of the competitors whose work is reproduced, with the exception of the winner, will receive a consolation prize of half a guinea.

Full particulars of the Competition will be found on page 304 of the January number of "THE ROYAL MAGAZINE." Now on Sale, 4d.

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

FREE LIMERICK

FIRST PRIZE, £500.

SECOND PRIZE, £100. THIRD PRIZE, £50.

And Fifty Consolation Prizes of FIVE SHILLINGS.

The above prizes will not be divided. In the event of a tie the one received first will gain the prize. The conditions of this skill competition are perfectly simple.

All you have to do is to fill in the last line of the limerick below and forward it together with a P.O. for one shilling for one of our new "Aeroflight" Ties. In this way we hope to introduce our "Aeroflight" Tie more widely than could be done by advertising in the ordinary manner.

These Ties are something *new*, they have only just been produced, and are One Shilling each, so the entrance to the limerick

COSTS YOU NOTHING.

You may send as many attempts as you like (each on a separate sheet of paper), but must enclose One Shilling for an "Aeroflight" Tie with each attempt. Attempts may be sent on plain sheets of paper together with your name and address.

LIMERICK.

If you invest in an "Aeroflight" tie
Something abnormally chic you will buy,
It has neatness combined
With smartness you'll find
.....

I agree to accept the committee's decision as final, and enter the competition on that distinct understanding.

FULL NAME..... *Please*

POSTAL ADDRESS..... *write*

..... *clearly.*

The last line should rhyme with the first two lines. P.W. 2/1/08.

The winning lines will be published in the *Daily Dispatch* on the 14th of January, 1908.

This competition closes on or before the 10th of January, 1908.

State which coloured tie you prefer.

Red, Green, Brown, Purple or Blue. .....

Address the envelope plainly—

The "Aeroflight" Manufacturing Co. (Dept. B), Cleckheaton.

THINGS A WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Orangeade

For children's parties is very popular if made as follows: Make a pint of syrup by boiling three-quarters of a pound of sugar in a pint of water, skimming well till clear; squeeze into this the juice of three oranges, stir well, and add three pints of water; mix and stand in a cool place. To serve place in glass jugs with a few dainty slices of orange on the top.

Leicestershire Xmas Pie.

Make two pounds of hot-water crust, using fresh lard for its shortening. Take about three pounds of pork, both fat and lean in equal proportions, and cut into cubes. Season with plenty of pepper and salt and a very little chopped sage, mixing all on a plate. Butter a pie-dish, line it with a crust, fill with the pork, cover with crust, moisten and pinch the edges well together, brush over with egg, decorate with paste, and bake about two hours. Make some good gravy of the pork bones, add gelatine to it, and pour some into the top of the pie dish when it is removed from the oven. To be eaten cold.

A Simple Sugar Icing for Xmas Cake.

Rub some icing sugar through a hair sieve to ensure its being finely powdered, put what you consider will be a sufficient quantity into a basin, stir into it some lemon juice and enough perfectly boiling water to make it into a thick paste, which will just run off the spoon, beat it quickly, add colouring if desired. Then pour the icing over the cake, which should be placed on an overturned plate, take up any icing that runs off the cake, and with a knife spread it on the edges. What is left over may be moistened again with boiling water and a little fresh sugar added to it. Ornament the icing with candied fruits or chopped almonds.

A Christmas Party Sweet.

Take three-quarters of an ounce of gelatine and let it soak in half a pint of cold water. Put one and a half pints of cold milk in a saucepan and bring it nearly to the boil. Beat up the yolks of three eggs with a breakfast-cupful of caster sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla essence. When the yolks and sugar are well beaten, pour them slowly into the hot milk while beating. Whisk the whites of the eggs and dissolve the gelatine over a pan of boiling water. Slowly strain the gelatine into the cooled milk and eggs, stirring all the while, then add the beaten whites of eggs and beat till the mixture begins to set. Line a wetted mould with chopped almonds, pour in the cream, and put aside till cool and set. Turn out and garnish with a little pink whipped cream.

THE MOST USEFUL OF COATS.

WHY is it that so many of my readers are diffident about the making of a long wrap for themselves? Looking back, they find to their credit the satisfactory making of short coats galore—an infinitely more difficult task.

No. 17396. Paper pattern, 8½d., post free from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

Nothing could be simpler than No. 17396 (paper pattern, 8½d., post free), with its plain back and equally plain fronts. In fact, barring the quaint collar and the cuffs, this may be regarded as a five-piece garment—two sleeves, two fronts, and a back. The last-named must, of course, be cut without a join, the centre back being placed to a fold of the double-width material—did I add, by the way, that four and a half yards, forty-two inches in width, would be needed?

To manage the back without a centre seam, you must join on small pieces near the hem, on either side, but these will probably be hidden in the turning under of the lower edge. And you may find it expedient to join on a narrow strip at one side of the sleeves. See that this occurs at the under-side and then the seam will remain unnoticed.

For the collar and cuffs, three quarters of a yard of velvateen must be obtained, and as even the best goods do not exceed twenty-three inches or thereabouts, a join at the centre back of the collar is inevitable. The strappings outlining these should be cut-out, pressed, and mounted separately before being applied. A separate pattern of each is provided.

Merino, serge, cloth, and tweed (not forgetting alpaca for summer wear) all recommend themselves for this wrap.

A WOMAN'S POWER.

As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her husband and children, and if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny.

By her thrift, prudence, and tact she can secure to her partner and to herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginnings or how adverse a fate may be theirs.

By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirit, shaken by the anxiety of business.

By her tender care she can often restore him to health if disease has wearied his powers.

By her counsel and love she can win him from bad company if temptation in an evil hour has led him astray.

By her example, her precepts, and her sex's insight into character she can mould her children, however adverse their dispositions, into noble men and women.

And by leading in all things a true and beautiful life she can refine, elevate, and spiritualise all who come within her reach; so that, with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

To Soften the Hands.

After washing with soap and water, rub the hands with oatmeal whilst still wet.

Leave the Skin on the Onions

For stocks, or stews, as it imparts an attractive colour, and neither burnt sugar or any other colouring will be required.

To Renovate Carpets.

Sponge them with a solution of one part of ox-gall to two parts of water; do not make the carpet very wet. Dry thoroughly with clean dusters, etc.

In Making Porridge,

Keep to these proportions: Take one pint of water and add to it half a teaspoonful of salt. When the water boils, add gradually a teacupful of oatmeal, stirring meanwhile. When all is mixed boil slowly for half an hour, stirring at intervals.

Linseed Tea

Is excellent for a cough if made as follows: Wash two or three ounces of linseed by putting it in a small strainer and pouring cold water through it. Take off as thinly as possible the thin rind of half a lemon. To the linseed and lemon-rind add one quart of cold water, and allow them to simmer for one hour and a half. Strain away the seeds, and to each half pint of the tea add a teaspoonful of sugar and some lemon-juice to taste. (*Reply to* ATLAS.)

This Pickle for Two Hams

Is excellent, and I always use it. Two pounds of salt, one cake of prunella, two ounces of saltpetre, one ounce of bay salt, and one and a half pints of beer; boil together, and when nearly cold pour over the hams. The ingredients must be pounded before they are used. Place the hams in tins, turn and rub them daily for three weeks. Then drain and dry in the usual way. (*Reply to* ALBACE READER.)

This Pretty Window Decoration

Is probably what you wish to use. Soak a round piece of common coarse sponge in warm water until it is thoroughly expanded. After squeezing it dry, place in its holes, rye, red clover, oat and millet seeds. Hang the sponge in a window where the sun shines part of the day, and sprinkle it lightly with water every morning. Very soon you will notice young leaves shooting out, and, growing quickly, will form a mass of vivid green. If kept regularly sprinkled, the clover will even blossom! (*Reply to* INVALID READER.)

Isobel

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON. *Continued from page 472.*

His enviable reputation notwithstanding, Giovanni could not be led to talk about the people or the places where he bought his stock.

Hazy over the enamels, his mind became a blank when pressed as to where he bought the famous necklet. With a wealth of gesture and many words he contrived to give no information whatsoever.

As a matter of fact, he had bought the necklet dirt cheap. Naturally one buys in the cheapest and sells in the dearest market. Bianco was a convinced Free Trader. But one need not necessarily reveal the sources of one's profit? He smiled serenely, and Sir Douglas retired, temporarily routed by his urbanity.

As he turned the corner of Wardour Street, the shop-boy of colossal ignorance, who for the last quarter of an hour had been engaged in sweeping out the shop, lounged after him.

"You've left yer humbrella," he said laconically.

The omission was of set purpose. Sir Douglas, however, received his property with due gratitude, and gave the boy a shilling.

The youth stared at him hard.

"If I tells you what Giovanni wouldn't, how much'll I get?"

The baronet held up half-a-crown.

"'Tain't enough. I wants 'arf a quid."

"Too much—the information isn't worth it."

"Yus it is—to you."

Sir Douglas laughed.

"Why," he said good-humouredly, "the boy has brains after all! Well, you shall have your price. Who sold the necklet to Giovanni?"

He felt certain of what the boy was going to say, and speculated idly as to how the boy would describe Cerise, the lady's maid. It was Cerise, of course. Betty could not have been so foolish as to go herself.

When the answer came it left him breathless.

"It was a sailorman wot brought it," said the youth; "'e come quite early in the morning jest as I was takin' down the shutters. He was in a devil of a lick to get the money, and didn't run Giovanni up 'arf as 'igh as wot 'e could 'ave done. Giovanni, 'e was that pleased 'e give me sixpence. That shows it were a cheap lot."

"What was the man like? Dark, fair, tall, or short—come, my lad, you must remember something about him!"

"He were a sailorman," the boy said stubbornly, and nothing could induce a variation of the reply. Colossal ignorance once more expressed itself on the youth's grimy countenance. Sir Douglas repressed a desire to box his ears, handed over the half-sovereign, and, considerably perplexed, made his way to Park Lane.

He possessed the faculty of concentration in a marked degree. He could bend his energies to the solution of a problem to the exclusion of all other thought, then put the matter from him. He cogitated over the mystery of the sailorman till he reached home. Then he dismissed the problem for the moment, and turned to other things.

His afternoon had not been wasted. He had established the fact that Stuart was in possession of the beads twenty-four hours after the murder. Now, if the date of the purchase were twenty-four hours earlier, it could be proved that Stuart bought the necklet the afternoon of the day Brettal was murdered; in such case, he could carry the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance.

He could turn the tables on this malapert solicitor if he could assert with some show of proof that Stuart had been with Brettal after the interview with him—Sir Douglas. And what better proof could be advanced than the missing bead from the necklet Stuart had purchased?

Unfortunately, the date in Bianco's ledger was that of the day succeeding Brettal's murder, or—the word answered the purpose—disappearance. But ledgers have been altered before now. A skilful penman, an expert in handwriting—they were both in the company that Blythe commanded—could do the trick in a quarter of an hour, while the temporary abstraction of the ledger was mere child's play.

Sir Douglas decided to ask Stuart and his friend Jerry Redvers to dinner early next month. Betty's strange display of horror at the thought of Stuart's call, the baronet had explained as an hysterical utterance due to the nervous strain imposed by her aunt's illness.

"She ought not to have come out," he had declared with ready presence of mind. "Her aunt has developed a nervous terror of society, and Betty had been hard put to it to induce her to receive her relatives, let alone friends. The prospect of introducing a stranger to the poor invalid, and the tremors such a proceeding would excite, have been too much for her. Personally, I don't believe in the policy of seclusion for sick people. I am all for open air; Betty here thinks I'm a terrible brute, and humours her aunt in a devoted but mistaken fashion. Come, pussy, are you better? Tell Mr. Stuart, like a good girl, you'll reconsider the suggestion he should see your aunt." Sir Douglas, his arm gently incircling the girl's shoulder, had contrived to intimate by a pressure on her arm—a pinch would more correctly describe it—that it would be wise to support his statement.

The wretched girl had gulped down a desire to scream and forced herself to play her part. With a distorted smile on her haggard face, she had faltered out regret at her breakdown.

"Indeed," she had gasped, "I am worn out for want of sleep. I'm half-mad with anxiety. I ought not to have come out, as uncle says. But Jerry"—she turned to him with a pitiful little gesture of appeal—"I have hardly seen him since auntie was ill. Poor auntie." She stopped, fighting against the wild desire to scream that shook her, fighting against the horrible impulse to shriek "Murder!" till her ears were deafened with the sound.

(Another long instalment next week.)

FOR THE BEST

FOOTBALL REPORTS

READ THE

Daily Express

London's Great Halfpenny Morning Paper.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

Though "Love is Blind" I never yet Have heard it lacks a voice, To give your sweetheart "Forty Songs," Would be a splendid choice.

"Tommy" and "Jack."

"MANY a time," writes H. A. F., "when coming across the words, 'Tommy Atkins' and 'Jack Tar,' have I wondered why our fighting men should bear such peculiar names, and what their origin can be." ——— The secret is not a very profound one, H. A. F., and I shall be happy to disclose it. "Jack Tar" is simply a survival from the old days of wooden vessels, when tar was the customary adornment of sailors' hands, and very frequently of their clothes. "Tommy Atkins," however, has a more definite origin. The term arose from the little pocket ledgers served out at one time to all British soldiers. In these books were to be entered the full details of each warrior's career. With every manual the War Office sent a form showing how it should be filled in, and the specimen name selected was "Tommy Atkins" just as in a similar case lawyers put, "John Doe or Richard Roe," and the church service "N. or M." The books were instantly christened by the name of "Tommy Atkins," and it was not long before the title passed to the soldier, to whom it has always stuck.

A Strange Profession.

"THE other day," writes WESTON, "a respectable-looking man came to my door, and asked me if I would give him permission to collect the snails in the garden. I agreed, and, after he had finished, asked him what he intended doing with them. To my surprise, he told me that he sold them in Bristol for eating purposes, and that the tinworkers were especially fond of them. I wonder if any of your readers ever heard of a stranger way of getting a living." ——— It certainly is rather a curious profession, WESTON; but, at all events, it has the advantage of not being over-crowded. I should think it was nice and healthy, too. One hears of "a worm turning," but I never came across the case of a snail being driven to similarly desperate tactics. I can quite believe your visitor's story, for a friend of mine once had an aged gardener who regarded a snail as a most delectable morsel—quite the equal of an oyster. Of course, in certain parts of Europe edible snails are in great demand, but they differ somewhat from the home-grown variety. With regard to your last question, there are, no doubt, many still more curious ways of obtaining a livelihood. I am acquainted (through the post), for instance, with a large number of people who attempt to make an income by collecting chestnuts for editors.

Officers of the Auxiliary Forces.

A CORRESPONDENT raises a question this week, to which I am only too pleased to give prominence. "Is it considered bad etiquette," he writes, "for a major or captain of the anxuliary forces to use his title in ordinary civilian capacity—say, in correspondence or when mentioned in connection with local matters in the paper—or is it only intended to be used in connection with military matters. Also, in attending public functions, such as Mayors' receptions, banquets, or local Chamber of Commerce dinners, is it etiquette to wear the mess dress of the regiment you belong to?" ——— There has always been a ridiculous and quite unjustifiable prejudice against volunteer officers calling themselves by their proper titles. This, I am sorry to say, has been largely fostered by that fast disappearing type of Army man who considers it clever to pour discouragement and ridicule on his volunteer colleagues. Men who are patriotic and unselfish enough to devote their time and money to the service of their country should be fully entitled to the same privileges in the way of recognition as those who have made it their profession. In view of Mr. Haldane's new scheme, which practically incorporates the volunteers with the regular forces, I trust earnestly that the authorities will take the opportunity to discourage in every way possible these petty and snobbish distinctions. The volunteers are always being told that they must regard themselves as regular soldiers if they wish to be of any use. In that case it should be the duty of a grateful country to recognise them as such, and not discourage their efforts by ignoring or sneering at their rank. A volunteer officer has every right to be proud of his title and his uniform. I should like to see them both made use of on all public occasions, if only to distinguish the wearers from that unenviable class of Englishman who, while being too lazy or cowardly to wish to defend his country, actually has the insolence to deride those who save him from being compelled to.

Concerning a Meerschaum.

C. W. J. is in luck. "I have had a present made me of a meerschaum pipe," he writes, "and knowing, or rather believing, that most editors soothe their weary brains with the use of tobacco in some form or other, I have decided to write and ask you the best and simplest way of colouring the aforesaid pipe. I have heard that a method exists of using chemicals on the outside of the bowl—do you know if this is correct?" ——— The best and simplest way of colouring meerschaum that I know of is to smoke it. The elaborately shaded specimens that appear in tobacconists' shops are, I believe, prepared abroad, by being treated with certain oils. If you are anxious to avoid scratching, or otherwise spoiling the appearance of the pipe while colouring it, you should cover the bowl with chamois leather. You should also avoid sitting too near the fire, and never smoke a second pipe while the bowl is hot. Be careful, however, that you do not share the fate of a friend of mine, who, after adopting all these precautions with extreme discomfort for over six months, invited a friend round to show him his treasure. He undid the chamois leather case with trembling pride, and was just about to lift up the perfectly coloured pipe, when it slipped through his fingers, dropped into the grate, and smashed into five or six neat little pieces. He has never bought another meerschaum since.

Under the Mistletoe.

H. B. is evidently a believer in keeping up the good old-fashioned Christmas customs. He is deeply interested in the subject of kissing under the mistletoe. "Can you tell me," he asks, "what was the origin of this pleasant practice? Why was mistletoe chosen? Was it merely chance which gave this plant the privilege of seeing so many kisses stolen beneath its berries?" ——— No, H. B., it was not chance. The custom is a very old one, so old, indeed, that its story stretches right back into the misty regions of Scandinavian mythology. There is a legend that one of the gods, Balder by name, was killed by a mistletoe arrow given to his assassin Loki, the god of mischief and lord of the earth. Balder was successfully restored to life, but to prevent any further trouble the mistletoe was then placed under the care of Friga, and was never again to be an instrument of evil until it touched the earth. It was, therefore, always suspended from ceilings, and when persons of opposite sexes passed underneath it, they used to give each other a kiss of love and peace to show that it was no longer a token of evil. At least, that was their excuse! The origin of decorating the house with holly and mistletoe at Christmas time probably dates back to the palmy days of Nero. The Romans were accustomed to ornament their dwellings in this manner during December in honour of Saturn, and the Christians probably followed suit to avoid calling attention to their opinions, and being sent to feed the lions.

"I Do."

"I SHOULD like to know," says J. J., "what are a brother's duties in giving his sister away in marriage. What has he to do before, during, and after the actual ceremony?" ——— Although I have never occupied the post you refer to, J. J., I will do my best to enlighten you as to its full privileges and responsibilities. I think that the only duty of a man in this position before the actual wedding day is to make the bride as handsome a present as he can afford. He can thus obtain a little preliminary knowledge of the art of giving away. When the momentous occasion actually arrives, he should put on his best clothes, drive to the church with the bride, stand by her side during the earlier part of the service, and try to appear cheerfully unconscious of the fact that all the congregation are looking at him. As soon as the clergyman comes to the words, "Who giveth this woman?" he should reply clearly and distinctly, "I do," and not give vent to a spasmodic, "Me," as more than one unfortunate gentleman has been known to do under these circumstances. Directly the ceremony is over he should make his way to the church door, and endeavour to interpose himself as a shield between the happy pair and the spectators, thus saving the former from as much rice and as many old slippers as possible. If he still lives he should then return to the house, and take part in the subsequent festivities.

Fiction's Penny Patrons.

PUZZLED presents me with a literary problem. "A friend and I," he writes, "had a lengthened discussion the other day regarding the number of penny novels read respectively by men and women. My friend maintains that men read by far the greater number, while I hold that women are the guilty party. Finally, we agreed to ask your opinion." ——— I am inclined to agree with you, PUZZLED, that the fair sex are the largest patrons of this class of literature; but short of wandering round for a week with a notebook, I see no way of settling the matter definitely. If by "penny novels," however, you merely refer to those striking works of "strong domestic interest," in which the good earl gets the better of the bold, bad baronet, and is eventually united to the beautiful governess, lady readers are certainly in the majority. There is something especially attractive to the feminine mind, it seems, in this type of narrative, and on a journey to the City in the morning many is the charming little head which one may notice bent in thrilling interest over the absorbing scene when the earl hisses angrily to the unabashed baronet: "No, Sir Percy—Angela shall never be yours." If, on the other hand, you include all those vivid efforts of imagination, which describe the death-dealing careers of Dick Turpin and other celebrities, so dear to the hearts of errand boys, it certainly brings up the number of male readers to somewhere about the same level. On the whole, however, as I started by saying, the ladies have my vote.

Ivy on Houses.

J. A. H. sends me an anxious inquiry as to whether that "rare old plant, the ivy green," makes the walls of a house damp or not. ——— I hope that this question, J. A. H., means that you have lately come into some fine Elizabethan mansion, and are in doubt as to whether you should strip the ivy from its historical walls. If this is so, you can set your mind quite at rest. Far from encouraging moisture, ivy has precisely the opposite effect. By means of its tiny roots, which in time work their way even into the hardest stone, the plant will extract every particle of dampness from the walls for its own sustenance. In addition to this, the overlapping leaves conduct water falling upon them from point to point until it reaches the ground, thus protecting the brick or stonework from even the heaviest rain. The only thing against ivy is that it affords a more or less easy means for burglars to climb up into bedroom windows. It was so in the case of Mr. Cory Wright, J.P., who was recently threatened in the dead of night by one of these nimble gentry.

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£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of Pearson's Weekly on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

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The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

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Signature...

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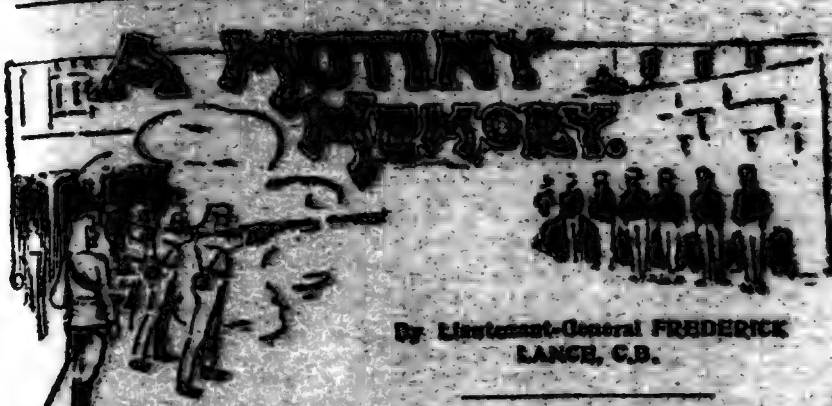
Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.



By Lieutenant-General FREDERICK LANCE, C.B.

[It is interesting to note that this is the first occasion on which a popular weekly has been able to obtain from a general officer a personal account of his experiences in the Indian Mutiny.]

About the middle of May, 1857, I was quietly sleeping in my bungalow, when I was aroused up about daylight to be told that the 55th Regiment of Bengal Infantry, which I had joined from England in the previous December, had received orders to march at once from Nowshera, situated between Attock and Peshawar, where we were stationed, to Hoti Murdan, in Eusofzye, a fort held by the celebrated Corps of Guides.

Within two hours we had started, and on arrival at Hoti Murdan, some fifteen miles distant, found the Guides under Colonel Daly (afterwards Sir Henry Daly) awaiting our arrival and ready to march.

I well remember seeing Quintin Battye, the adjutant, mounted on his fine charger Montague, and looking the very model of a frontier officer.

Battye was one of a noble group of soldier brothers, four of whom gave their lives for their country. Quintin Battye was killed at Delhi. He was fond of using Latin quotations, and died with, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori" (It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country) on his lips.

A FEW SHOTS TO COVER ESCAPE.

We then, for the first time, heard of the mutiny of the native troops at Meerut and Delhi, and knew that the Guides were to march in haste to Lahore to join a movable column that was being formed there.

The 55th were quartered in the fort with a squadron of the 10th Irregular Cavalry in an outwork.

The news of the rising at Meerut and elsewhere, had a marked effect on our men; but the influence of the Colonel, Henry Spottiswoode, who was beloved by officers and men, and was a grand specimen of the old Bengal officer, was sufficient to keep them in order, and discipline, though relaxed, was maintained to the last.

One day I obtained leave to ride into Nowshera for the day. Whilst resting in the heat of the day, news came that the guard of the regiment, which was guarding the bridge of boats at Attock, had mutinied, was marching towards the station, and that the 10th Irregular Cavalry had started to stop them and take them prisoners.

The prisoners, in charge of the cavalry, were halted for orders on the Grand Trunk Road, in rear of the lines of the 55th, which were occupied by a detachment of that regiment. After waiting for some time, the prisoners, evidently on a hint from their guard, jumped up and ran towards their lines, from which a few shots were fired to cover their escape. An English officer of the cavalry ordered his men to cut down the fugitives; one of the men rode out to execute the order, but another man followed him to cut him down, should he do so, whilst no others moved.

Captain C——, senior officer commanding the detachment, and I, went to the lines, and found that the Sepoys, who were much excited, had broken open the magazine, and were carrying out the ammunition; but Captain C——'s influence was sufficient to make them obey his orders, leave the magazine, and fall in. Captain C—— then ordered me to ride back to Hoti Murdan and report what had occurred.

PURSUED BY SEPOYS.

I had to cross the Cabul river to reach Hoti Murdan, but found that the executive engineer had broken up the bridge of boats, by which the river is usually crossed, on the first alarm. Passing several groups of Sepoys running towards the river, I galloped towards a boat moored on the bank, and managed to get my pony on board, and made the boatmen shove off just as the leading group of Sepoys reached the bank and lined it, holding their muskets at the ready; luckily, they did not fire till I was half way across the river, when they fired a few shots, some of which hit the boat.

Day by day our men were getting more excited, but still discipline was maintained.

I remember after dinner on the evening of May 24th remarking that it was the Queen's birthday, and, being rather a bumptious young subaltern, ventured to propose Her Majesty's health, adding, "and may she long keep her Indian possessions," which remark appeared to shock our dear old Colonel, who was looking very worn.

At daylight on the morning of May 25th I was on duty marching off the guards, and standing in front of the paraded guards, the men of which had discarded their regimental trousers, and were wearing "Dhoties," and were very unsteady. I was not sorry when the ceremony was over and the guards had marched off to their respective destinations.

Re-entering the fort from the parade ground, I went to our "coffee shop," where the officers assembled for their early "small breakfast," and we had not been sitting there long when the Colonel's bearer came running towards us, crying out that the Colonel had shot himself.

DRUMHEAD COURT-MARTIAL.

Immediately there was confusion in the fort, the Sepoys fell in with their arms, and most of them began streaming out of the fort, and making off towards the hills of Swat, some sixteen miles off. I may add here that it was afterwards ascertained that the Hindu Sepoys had been in correspondence with fanatical Mussulmans of Swat, but their subsequent fate was an example and warning to those inclined to be faithless to their salt.

Some 120 men of the regiment rallied round their officers, and soon afterwards the advanced guard of a force from Peshawar came in sight, which was the first intimation we had of the intention of the authorities to coerce the regiment, which our Colonel had reported as capable of being controlled if left alone. By his presence the Colonel had kept the men loyal, and by his death had prevented the fort being held against the Peshawar force, as would certainly have been the case had not the Colonel's tragic death caused the guilty Sepoys to leave the fort in panic. Every Englishman in the fort owed his life to the gallant old Colonel.

The fugitives were pursued by the few of the force from Peshawar that were fit for the work after their long march; prisoners were captured, and more fell by the way, exhausted by the burning heat.

On the following day seven of the prisoners were tried by drumhead court-martial. The scene was a striking one. In the open, three officers, who formed the court, sat, with the prisoners in front of them. Other officers, of whom I was one, were standing round. The proceedings were of the most summary character, and the president of the court, Captain F——, of H.M.'s 70th foot, accustomed to the strict forms of procedure of the British service, showed some hesitation in condemning men to death in such a summary and informal manner; but Major John Nicholson, who had accompanied the force in a civil capacity, and who had led the pursuit of the fugitives, was watching the proceedings.

A STERN EXAMPLE.

It was a striking sight to see that great man, only thirty-five years of age, with no military position or authority, standing over the members of the court who were showing signs of indecision, pointing out in forcible language how critical the position was, and the necessity of making a stern example, and haranguing with such effect that the court condemned the seven prisoners brought before them to summary execution.

The sentence was carried out the same afternoon; six men of the 55th Regiment in red coats, and one man of the 10th Irregular Cavalry in white summer uniform, were ranged in line, facing a firing party consisting half of British soldiers, and half of Punjabis of the 5th Punjab Infantry.

When the volley was fired, all those in red fell; but the man in white stood erect with the writhing and dead by his side, and, without moving a muscle, waited till a reserve firing party brought the ghastly scene to a close.

I should add, that the wise advice of the commanding-officer of the 5th Punjab Infantry, now General Sir J. L. Vaughan, K.C.B., that his men should furnish part of the firing party, was the first declaration of loyalty of the Punjabi troops to the British, and that the 5th Punjab Infantry on this occasion gave an example of fidelity to their fellow-countrymen, which was nobly followed during the critical period that succeeded the events here described.

Fair Artist: "I hope you don't mind my sketching in your field?"

Farmer: "Lor, no, missie! You'll keep the birds off the peas better'n a' ordinary scarecrow!"

"That dress is becoming, my dear," said the man who thinks he is a diplomat.

She looked at him coldly for a moment, and then replied:

"Yes. It is becoming threadbare."

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A Free Gift from the Oatine Co.

When you fill in your last line send us either 6d. or Coupons for 2/6 worth of OATINE preparations, to be obtained of all chemists. We will send every competitor a dainty box of OATINE samples (costing us 6d. to prepare) containing:—

OATINE FACE CREAM — OATINE SOAP
OATINE BALM — OATINE TOOTH PASTE
OATINE FACE POWDER — OATINE SOAP, in Tubes
OATINE TALCUM POWDER — KYLETS, the Great Dyspepsia Cure

together with a 24-page Booklet on the care of the health and complexion, and also giving full instructions for face massage, so that in this alone you get your money's worth.

A Prize to Every Competitor.

After you have tried the samples, if you will order 2/6 worth of such preparations as you like best, we will treat the 6d. you paid or the Coupons you sent with your attempt as payment to the extent of 6d. on any purchase to the net value of 2/6, and all such articles purchased will contain Coupons entitling you to further attempts free. In this way, if you send 6d., you get your 6d. box of samples absolutely free and a free attempt at the Limerick Competition, while, if you send Coupons, you get your box of samples free, have a free entrance to the competition, and can buy further supplies at 6d. discount. We PAY YOU, instead of your paying us, TO ENTER THIS COMPETITION. All prizes will be awarded subject to the following conditions:—

1. Fill in the last line of the Limerick below and send to the OATINE Co., [illegible], Denman Street, London, S.E., not later than January [illegible]. Each competitor must send 6d. in stamps or postal order, or Coupon from 2/6 worth of OATINE preparations.
2. Any number of attempts may be sent on separate sheets of notepaper, with a remittance of 6d. or Coupons as above with each attempt.
3. Every line submitted will be carefully judged by Mr. Lawrence Clarke, Editor of The World and His Wife, who has kindly consented to act in this capacity.
4. £1,000 will be awarded in prizes to the senders of the best lines as below, provided [illegible] attempts are received. Should less than [illegible] attempts be received, the Prizes will be proportionately reduced.

The Prizes will be divided as follows:—

a. One-fourth of the total amount will be given as a First Prize.
b. One-fourth of such amount will be given in Prizes of £5 each.
c. One-half of such amount will be given in Prizes of £1 each.

5. No responsibility will be accepted for the loss or failure to receive any attempt.

A dear little damsel called Clare,
Whose face is most charmingly fair,
Says the use of OATINE
Keeps the skin soft and clean.

The Result of this Competition, with complete list of Prize Winners, will be published in the "Daily Express" of January [illegible].

Name.......................................

Address...................................

This is a most generous Competition, as every Competitor not only gets his or her money's worth in the dainty box of samples, but by following the suggestions above may, in addition, have an attempt free. [illegible]
Do not delay sending in your attempt to

THE OATINE COMPANY, [illegible], Denman Street, London, S.E.

IMPORTANT!

PRIVATE SALE. NO RESERVE.

Furniture and Effects of the late

SIR FREDERICK W. WIGAN, BT.,

Removed from Windlesham Court, Surrey.

Also the remaining portion of

Captain Drakeford's Furniture and Effects.

Any item may be had separately.
Can remain stored free till required if selected at once.
Opportunity of a lifetime.
Superbly high-class goods at ridiculously low prices.

27 Complete Bedrooms,
Comprising Chippendale, Sheraton, and quaint design, suites complete from £4 15s. up to 100 guineas.

Brass and other Bedsteads
With superior nearly new bedding, from 30/- up to 40 guineas.

Choice Queen Anne style Dining-room Furniture
Complete, solid dark mahogany, for 25 guineas.

Very Choice Sheraton Design Dining-room Furniture,
Set complete for 22 guineas (worth treble).
A very lovely majestic set of Antique design

Black Oak Carved Furniture,
The suite being choicely spring-upholstered throughout and covered with embossed real leather, 16 guineas.

Magnificent Carved Oak Chiming Grandfather Clock,
Sheraton design ditto and 2 Bracket clocks.

Breakfast-room Furniture
Complete in solid fumigated oak, with copper fitments, including a beautiful plate-glass-back sideboard, suite, overmantel, table, &c., £9 15s. the lot; and a complete set in walnut wood, including 9-piece massive suite, sideboard, overmantel, table, &c., £12 the lot.

Costly nearly-new Drawing-room Furniture.
French gilt and buhl inlaid cabinet, &c.; luxurious Chesterfield silk-covered suite, complete, £5 15s.; Louis XIV. display cabinet, exquisite design, £3 14s.; overmantel to match, 37/6; and dainty centre table, 25/-; choice Axminster carpet, 45/-; and the brilliant-toned upright grand pianoforte, by most eminent makers, 14 gs.; French conversational suite of 7 pieces, covered silk tapestry, £3 17s. 6d.; 4ft. wide lofty French cabinet, fitted show cases and drawers, £3 15s.; several choice tables, mirrors, &c.

Turkey and other Carpets from 18/-, several pictures and engravings, piano by Chappell and Co., 7 gs., and numerous other items, can be seen where now lying for convenience of selling, any day, 9 till 9, Thursdays till 5, at the Furniture Depositories, 51 Park Street, Upper Street, Highbury, London, N., 2 minutes from Highbury Station, North London Railway. Delivered free, town or country.

"The British Grenadiers" were in "The Bay of Biscay O." But they all sung "Forty Famous Songs" And quite forgot their woe.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A HAPPY HYPOCRITE

The Story of a Waitress's Little Deception.

By EVELYN COLLINS.

It was half-past two, the luncheon hour was over, the vast crowd of City men that throng the City depôts of the Aerated Bread Company had taken their departure, the time was approaching when the weary waitresses might hope for a few moments of well-earned rest. Save for a few scattered individuals, mostly ladies, impelled by the heat of the day to seek an early cup of tea, the marble-topped tables were destitute of occupants.

Near the door, leading to the smoking-room, a pretty, brown-eyed little waitress was gathering together scattered chessmen. As another girl, bearing a tray of empty plates, approached her, she looked up with a smile.

"Maud, hurry up with your customers, I've got some news to tell you."

Maud's industry thereupon was unprecedented. The customers were served with alacrity.

"Well," she demanded after her orders had been delivered, "what's the news?"

Brown-eyed Lily bashfully twisted the corners of her apron. "I'm going to be married," she announced in low tones of triumph.

"Go on! Really!" Maud was growing excited.

"Yes, it's the truth," declared the younger girl, her small, piquant face flushed with happiness.

"My! You are lucky," commented her friend enviously. Then she espied another waitress approaching. "Here's Maggie coming to interrupt our confab," she remarked; "are you going to tell her?"

Lily nodded. "The news will soon be common property, I'm afraid it will make her rather annoyed; she and I were the only girls in this depôt who weren't engaged. Now she'll be the one beautiful solitary exception!"

"Beautiful?" Maud raised her eyebrows, further speech was impossible, the new-comer was already within earshot. She walked up to the place where the two girls were sitting, a tall, rather handsome young woman, whose colourless face was crowned by heavy masses of auburn hair. Discontent was written largely on her features; she leant back against the wall and yawned.

"If you good souls are talking secrets and would prefer my room to my company, say the word, and I'm off."

"No! No! Stop where you are," answered Maud, with whom the new arrival was anything but a favourite. "Lily has got some news—she's going to be married! Don't you wish you were in her shoes, Maggie!"

"Not particularly," answered Maggie, shrugging her shoulders. "I'm pretty comfortable as I am."

"You're on the shelf," interrupted Maud, a trifle spitefully, "or soon will be."

"It's better than the gutter; that's where some of you girls will land yourselves, marrying chaps without a penny. I don't care if I die an old maid!"

In her desire to appear unconcerned, Maggie wandered widely from the truth. Secretly she did care, cared very much, that, despite her twenty-five years, she had never owned an admirer. The men who frequented the depôt were ready enough to flirt and laugh with her companions, to present them with flowers and orders for the theatre—to Maggie's charms they were one and all, blissfully indifferent. During the five years that she had been employed by the company, other girls, far plainer than herself, had been courted and happily married; not a single chance ever came to her.

The fact weighed heavily on her mind; all women like to be admired. The occasional sarcasm of her fellow-waitresses was hard to endure; she found it impossible to bear them equably.

The day dragged to its close; when Maggie reached home, she was in anything but a good temper. She hurried past the small brother who opened the door for her without a word of greeting, and entered the kitchen. It was in flagrant disorder. Children's toys were scattered all over the room, the unwashed tea-things had been carelessly relegated to a side table. Her youthful stepmother, for Maggie's father had married again, was rocking a crying baby.

The pretty but worn little woman looked up with a smile at the girl's entrance.

"Good evening, Maggie! I'm sorry you find things in such a mess, but baby has been fretful, and I haven't had a moment to get your supper."

"I'm too tired to want anything," was Maggie's rejoinder, as she hunted round for her slippers; "bed's the place for me; I'll be going there pretty shortly."

"Had a tiring day!" inquired her stepmother sympathetically.

"Much as usual, business always is tiring; I'm sick of it!"

Mrs. Joiner sighed and looked down at the baby; Maggie commenced to unlace her heavy boots.

"My!" said the girl suddenly, her eyes directed towards a photograph lying on the table, "whoever's that!" She picked up the likeness; it was that of a man, young and remarkably handsome.

Mrs. Joiner blushed. "I didn't mean you to see it, Maggie. It's a portrait of someone I use [illegible] across it to-day, as I was turning out some rubbish, and brought it down, meaning to burn it."

Maggie's eyes were fixed inquisitively on her face. "Was he a sweetheart?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes, an old sweetheart," returned the elder woman with a touch of embarrassment. "I knew him years before I met your father; he went out to Australia with the idea of making a home for me out there, but I never heard from him again."

"And you could actually marry father, when you'd been engaged to a man like that?" demanded Maggie, holding out the photograph at arm's length and regarding it with admiring eyes. "Well, there's no accounting for tastes!"

"Your father's a good man, Maggie, a very good man," repeated the other a trifle emphatically; "besides, I didn't give James Gardiner up, he simply dropped out of my life. A sweetheart in hand is better than one in the bush," she concluded with a poor attempt at merriment.

Maggie wasn't listening, her eyes were still on the portrait.

"James Gardiner! Jim Gardiner! she murmured abstractedly. "I like the name; he doesn't look the sort that would be unfaithful!"

"Perhaps he's dead! Most likely," said Mrs. Joiner indifferently. "Anyhow, the whole affair's gone out of my head; I shouldn't have mentioned it if you hadn't bothered me with questions."

Her stepdaughter was silent; seemingly her thoughts had flown to other things. When she went to bed, unperceived by Mrs. Joiner, she carried Jim Gardiner's photograph with her. She propped it up against the looking-glass and commenced to untwist the coils of her heavy hair.

"Jim," she whispered, leaning forward and gazing meditatively at the boyish face that seemed to look so frankly into hers, "you must have been a splendid sweetheart! How I wish that I had known you; perhaps you would have been foolish enough to care for me? The girls at business wouldn't have pitied me then; they would have been envious!"

Her words suggested a fresh train of thought; slowly a purpose was forming in her mind. With the thick waves of her hair softening her face and streaming over her white shoulders, she crossed to the chest of drawers, and, after some delay, ferreted out a pair of scissors and a circular glass pendant, designed to hold a photograph.

She returned to the dressing-table; a few cuts with the scissors and Jim Gardiner's face lay enframed within the trumpery ornament, a narrow piece of ribbon fastened it round her neck. Maggie stared at her reflection in the glass, gauging the effect of the gilt fame and the sombre ribbon against the whiteness of her skin.

"Folks can't say now that I haven't got a sweetheart," she said with a grim laugh; "those odious girls shan't twit me any more about my lack of admirers."

Half an hour later she was fast asleep, the pendant clasped tightly in her unconscious hand.

A week passed by without event; Lily gave in her notice of retirement; the other waitresses began to talk of a wedding present.

"Expect you wish that you were the lucky recipient, Maggie Joiner?" remarked Maud spitefully; "it'll be a long time before we have to club together to buy you a marriage gift!"

"Perhaps not so long as you think," retorted Maggie impulsively. In an instant all eyes were turned upon her; she felt herself reddening beneath their gaze.

"You don't mean to tell us that you've got a boy at last!" gasped another waitress.

"She's only spoofing!" broke in Maud derisively.

Maggie, her reputation for truth at stake, drew forth the pendant that contained Jim Gardiner's portrait. "Seeing's believing," she said calmly; "here's my young man. I defy you to find a handsomer."

The effect of her words was magical; the girls, agog with excitement, crowded round her examining and criticising the pictured face; admiration was universal.

"How is it you haven't mentioned him before?" asked Maud, suddenly and suspiciously.

"I don't make all my private affairs public, I've something better to do," was Maggie's lofty rejoinder. Her imagination caught fire; she continued with every show of truthfulness.

"James Gardiner's his name, he's a commercial traveller, and doesn't very often visit London. When he does, he gives me a down-right royal time, I can tell you!"

The plunge taken, she was compelled to continue the fabrication or lose the esteem of her companions. She chose the former course, and rather enjoyed the sensations she was able to create, imparting into her fictitious love affair an element of romance that piqued the curiosity of her ready listeners. She even went so far as to invest some of her hard-earned savings in the purchase of a cheap ring, and exhibited it with triumph.

"Of course, it's a mere trumpery affair to the one that I shall get later on," she declared with well-assumed loftiness; "when Jim gets his next rise in salary, he's promised me diamonds."

Almost imperceptibly the various facts that she invented concerning Jim became engrafted in her mind; at last she grew almost to believe in the truth of her statements. Gradually her manner changed; no longer despised by her companions, she lost her sullen look and acquired a new and unexpected graciousness. The customers noticed the alterations in her demeanour, and were not slow in showing their appreciation.

To interchange smart callies with their favourite waitress frequently constitutes a City clerk's mild idea of recreation. Maggie came in for a full share of chaff; her wits sharpened, she found herself able to hold her own with the best of them. The quick thrusts of her tongue were received with approbation, she awakened interest, which in one manly heart ripened into an even warmer feeling.

Dick Grant, a hard-working young salesman, discovered one day, to his infinite astonishment, that he was in love, the object of his adoration Maggie, the handsome waitress who attended so assiduously to his wants. Once assured of the state of his feelings, he sought every opportunity of cementing their friendship; each afternoon found him seated at one of the tables allotted to her charge, drinking tea and interchanging confidences.

As time went on, he grew bolder. He found out the hour when she left business and made a point of escorting her to the railway-station; sometimes the walk was unduly prolonged; she caught a later train.

Maggie could hardly believe in her good fortune; she tremulously feared that her good-looking admirer was amusing himself at her expense. By-and-by, when the earnestness of his attentions grew unmistakable, she found herself reciprocating his affection.

Her business companions were not slow in getting wind of the affair; some chaffed her unmercifully, others reproached her for carrying on what they considered an underhand flirtation.

Maud, while putting on her hat one evening preparatory to going home, took it upon herself to read Maggie a homily.

"It's all very well to have two strings to your bow," she said, arranging with the aid of a hat-pin the small, flat curls upon her forehead; "but if you want my candid opinion, you're playing a low game. You're not acting straight either to your lawful young man or to this new admirer, Mr. Grant."

"Oh, Jim won't mind," returned Maggie with a burst of laughter, "nothing that I choose to do can affect his feelings."

So, much to the disgust of the other girls, she continued to meet Dick Grant, and was flagrantly false to the imaginary Jim.

Then something happened.

One day a severe headache forced her to stop at home; the next morning found her back in business, quite unprepared for the news that awaited her. It was Maud—Maud, with an air of conscious rectitude—who told her:

"Your admirer, Mr. Grant, was asking for you yesterday. He seemed quite put out at your absence."

Ignorant of any coming danger, Maggie smiled.

"I told him," went on the virtuous Maud, "that it was a pity he took the matter so much to heart, seeing that you were an engaged girl."

"You told him that!"

The look in Maggie's eyes frightened her companion, but she mustered up sufficient courage to give a triumphant nod.

"Then you've done the very cruellest thing that one girl can possibly do to another. You've ruined my life."

Maggie turned away; there was nothing further to be said. Dick would think her nothing better than a shameless flirt; well, she was rightly punished for her deceit.

That afternoon, for the first time for weeks, Dick Grant failed to drop in for his usual cup of tea; at night no familiar figure waited to escort Maggie on her homeward journey. She was broken-hearted, but went about her daily duties with a stolid face and unsmiling lips. Just when she had abandoned all hope, one evening, on emerging from the depôt, his longed-for voice fell upon her ear.

His grey eyes searched her face keenly, as though hoping to read an answer to his doubts.

"Maggie," he whispered earnestly, "tell me that it is not true! I was a fool to believe what that girl told me without first asking for an explanation from your own lips. I can't believe that you have only been playing with me, pretending to value my affection, when all the time you were engaged to some other man!"

"It is not true," she said steadily; then her manner changed. With trembling lips and cheeks crimson with shame, she confessed her folly; to her infinite surprise Jim did not laugh, his face was soft with pity.

"Poor little Maggie! I never realised before how hard it is to be a woman, to crave for love, to have that love denied."

"To-morrow," she whispered humbly, "I will tell the girls the whole truth; they will despise me, but I deserve it."

"You will tell them," he said with gentle firmness, "that you are engaged to me."

She cast down her eyes in confusion. "I cannot! It would be another lie."

"It will be the truth!" His tone was masterful. "Say that you love me, Maggie, promise that you will be my wife. Dearest, we will have no more misunderstandings."

She slipped her hand into his. In her eyes, humid with happiness, he read his answer.

TEACHER: "Now, Johnny, what does the busy bee teach us?"

Johnny: "To keep away from the hive."

WHILE man has seven ages,
Fair woman has but three,
Her real one; what her friends think;
And what she claims to be.

FIRST DEAF MUTE (making signs): "Did your wife complain because you stayed out till after midnight?"

Second Deaf Mute (chuckling): "Did she? You should have seen her! But when it began to get monotonous I just turned out the light."

"WHAT makes factory whistles blow so early in the morning, dad?"

"The engineer wants to wake up everybody who doesn't have to go to work as soon as he does."

"The [illegible] y "On the Banks of Allan Water," And sung the "Forty Famous Songs" Along with "The Bailiff's Daughter."

Where Stockbrokers Deal in Wine.

In all the big Stock Exchanges throughout the world different customs and rules prevail. In the London Stock Exchange smoking is strictly prohibited until after three o'clock, and then only cigarettes and cigars are permitted. A member using a pipe is liable to be fined and to have his hat smashed.

The London Stock Exchange is absolutely governed by a committee elected by the members, who settle all disputes arising between members relative to business, and by whose decision all agree to abide.

The Berlin Stock Exchange is practically a Government institution. The chairman of the Exchange is nominated by the Government, and all business disputes between members are referred to him for settlement. He sits at a high desk in the Exchange during business hours, and has the power of ordering any member to leave the Exchange and to cease dealing; he can also require any member to show a sworn statement of his affairs at any time at a day's notice, and if, in the chairman's opinion, the member is not in a sound financial position, he can disqualify him for three months from dealing on the Exchange.

The London Stock Exchange is the only Exchange in the world where strangers are not admitted. In the Stock Exchanges in Berlin, Paris, and New York, there is a stranger's gallery, where visitors are admitted during business hours on presenting a ticket signed by a member.

STANDING THE LOSER A DINNER.

Wall Street is the youngest Stock Exchange, but it possesses the largest number of members, and its list of annual defaulters is bigger than any other Exchange in the world.

Three curious customs not observed elsewhere prevail in Wall Street. Members never "mister" each other; Smith may be a king in finance, and Robinson an insignificant nobody, but in Wall Street, Smith is simply "Smith" to Robinson.

A broker can invite himself to dinner with any member to whom he has lost £5,000 in the day in one particular market, and the dealers who are parties to the last transaction of the day must not be the first to open business the following morning. Any member breaking one of these rules is fined £50 for each offence, or as much as the committee may think they are justified in inflicting.

The occasion of the largest fine ever inflicted on a Wall Street broker was when Mr. Harriman was mulcted for £2,000 for refusing to dine a broker who, in one day, lost £25,000 in railway stock, every penny of which went into the pocket of the great railway magnate.

The dealer claimed his right to dine at Mr. Harriman's expense, as the operator to whom he had lost his money. Mr. Harriman, however, refused to stand the dinner, and was, in consequence, fined the sum mentioned.

Fines are annually pooled by the members, the share of each averaging about £3.

ONLY A DOZEN MEMBERS.

Brokers have to pass a qualifying examination before joining the Vienna Stock Exchange. The examination is conducted by the Government, and consists of a very simple test examination which no fairly well-educated youth could fail to pass. Beyond the holding of this examination, the Government has nothing to say as to the management of the Vienna Exchange, which is governed entirely by a few big financiers, who make any rules they please.

One of these financiers a couple of years ago broke his leg by falling out of his carriage, and whilst the limb was mending the members of the Stock Exchange all met at his house twice a day, which practically became the Stock Exchange for a couple of months.

Up to a few years ago business used to be transacted on the Vienna Stock Exchange on Sunday, but at the request of other Exchanges this custom was given up.

The easiest-going Stock Exchange in the world is that of Madrid. Members—there are only a dozen—smoke during business hours, play cards, deal in many other commodities besides stocks and shares, such as pictures, antiques, or wine, and strangers generally receive a cordial welcome.

The Madrid Stock Exchange is the oldest in the world, its present constitution dating from 1657, and during the past forty years there has not been a defaulter on it.

THIS IS ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

(December 26th, 1907.)

But we call it "Boxing Day," and Many Superstitions Relate to It.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY, long since corrupted into Boxing Day, is the centre of many quaint customs and traditions.

It is redolent of gifts, the practice being responsible for the name, and though to-day presents are made both at Christmas and New Year, yet for the most part they differ slightly in their nature, for the Christmas gift proper, according to its origin, at any rate, is that which passes from master to dependant, from rich to poor, whereas those received at New Year are generally an expression of goodwill from friend to friend, in mutual acknowledgement of the season.

Probably, Christmas boxes were intended to form part of the Christmas Day festivities, and for those who have few to give this rule doubtless still holds good. In course of time, however, and owing largely to the increase in the number of presents that had to be given, many were left over till next day, so that St. Stephen's Day gradually came to be the recognised standard day for the giving of all Christmas boxes, thus bringing the act under the immediate patronage of St. Stephen himself.

Another origin of the title is that said to be derived from the fact that boxes were at one time kept on board every ship bound on a journey of any distance, the said box being ready to receive gifts of money for the priest, who was supposed in return to say masses to the particular saint in charge of the boat for the safety of its passengers and crew. These boxes were never opened until the return of the vessel, and must often have contained a really valuable offering.

The *Mass* which was said for the ship was called a *Christmass*, and, naturally, the boxes kept to pay for its offering were called *Christmass* boxes. The poor folk amongst those who had an interest in the ship were obliged to beg alms from the rich, wherewith to provide their offering. Relics of these ancient boxes may be found in old churches; and, again, in various parts of the country they, or their modern counterfeits, are carried from door to door by servants or children, begging money for their Christmas outings.

Up to the year 1834, street-doors resounded on St. Stephen's Day to the clang of knockers summoning the well-to-do to give the poor their yearly box. Parish beadle, dustmen, charity boys, postmen, street and chimney-sweepers, lamp-lighters, and waits followed one another in rapid succession, and in this present day many men of these, and others of newer callings, including the more modern errand-boy of fame, wait upon us, if not on Boxing Day itself, then during the ensuing week.

Pepys, in his diary (1668), records his having been called up by drums and trumpets, "and these things and boxes," he adds, "have cost me much money this Christmas, and will do more." Thankful, indeed, must we be that the street drum and trumpet have ceased to be amongst us, else would the Boxing Day of modern times be one to shun.

Another curious old custom, now extinct, was the presentation by the beadles of the various parishes of copies of printed verses ornamented with wood engravings. These were termed "Bellmen's Verses," and were often as decrepit and respectable as the Bellman himself, with his cocked hat and ancient bell.

At one time as many as 10,000 copies of these verses were printed per year, but the number gradually dwindled, and, with other good old customs, passed into the list of forgotten things.

After these followed the addresses of the dustmen, and the chief waits also left imposing notices.

There are many quaint practices recorded in connection with St. Stephen's Day, and one such is the curious idea of "bleeding" horses. Even at the present time it is the custom in many parts of Yorkshire for the country folk, on the eve of the festival, to pay a visit to the "coo byre" (cow-byre), in the hope of seeing the oxen kneel, for here the fable holds good that the oxen kneel on St. Stephen's Eve to commemorate, in their own way, the martyr's death.

The "Hunting of the Wren" on St. Stephen's Day is an ancient rite practised in the South of Ireland, and strikingly resembles an old Manx custom, there observed on Christmas Eve, when all workers took a holiday and did not go to bed all night, but rambled about until the bells rang out the midnight chimes.

Then, after saying their prayers, they started out to hunt the wren, and when one had been found they killed her and laid her on a bier, burying her with the utmost solemnity in the parish church, singing over her dirges in the Manx tongue, which they called her "Knell." When this pathetic ceremony ended—Christmas began.

On St. Stephen's Day the "Wren" boys of Ireland went from house to house collecting funds, carrying with them the poor little corpse laid in the midst of a piece of holly, the whole being tied together with gaily-coloured ribbons.

Two Trees the Parents of Millions.

At the entrance to the famed Magnolia Avenue at Riverside, California, are to be seen two orange trees. Above all trees these are honoured, as the prosperity of a considerable portion of California is largely due to these parent trees. From those two marvellous trees were produced directly or indirectly the whole of the orange trees in Riverside, trees which cover some thirty acres of groves; in fact, the whole of the Los Angeles district sends away by rail each year 350,000 tons of oranges and lemons.

These oranges are the famous seedless oranges, known the world over.

Riverside owes its existence to oranges. Not much more than a generation ago this town was simply the haunt of cattle, and even as a grazing ground it was poor owing to the absence of water. A number of progressive men came along and thought that the place could produce oranges. They commenced digging irrigation canals and planting orange seedlings, but their venture was a complete failure.

At this time, when things were at their blackest, one of the planters received a couple of orange trees which had been imported from Brazil. These trees grew and multiplied to a marvellous extent. They were without pips and of excellent size and quality.

Buds were taken from these trees and grafted on the stock of ordinary orange trees grown from seedlings, so that in a short time there were a number of trees at Riverside which produced the seedless orange.

FIRES TO KEEP THE FRUIT WARM.

The culture has achieved the proportions of an exact science. Water channels lined with cement are to be found all over the groves, which are irrigated at stated periods the whole year round. To such a degree is the culture carried that the growers even go so far as to provide warm fires to keep the groves at a good temperature when the surrounding districts are at freezing point.

The fruit is picked during the winter months mainly by Japanese. The produce is taken to the packing house, where the oranges are cleaned, separated into various classes, covered with tissue-paper wrappers by means of marvellous machinery, and packed into cases.

The Los Angeles neighbourhood dispatches 200 truck loads of oranges daily throughout the picking season.

Orange trees are remarkably fruitful. In fact, a tree 20ft. high, occupying a space of little more than 12ft. in diameter, may yield from 3,000 to 4,000 oranges in a year. There is one tree in Florida which has frequently yielded 10,000 oranges in a single season. The tree lives to an age of 100 to 150 years, and the young are less productive than the old.

India is the home of the orange, and thence it spread into Western Asia and Europe. It grows in all parts where the climate is warm enough, thriving best in subtropical climates. The great orange-growing districts of the world, however, appear to be Florida, Louisiana, and California.

AUSTRALIA'S NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

It is grown to great perfection in Queensland and South West Australia, but for some reason or other it is not cultivated there on a commercial scale for competition in the markets of the world, and, of course, it is extensively grown in the South of Europe, the most common of all oranges on our markets being the Portugal or Lisbon orange.

Probably the favourite oranges for the English market are those from St. Michael's and from Malta, though these oranges cannot compare to the Mandarin from China, and the navel from South America; these latter are nearly double the size of the ordinary orange, but they are rarely to be met with in our home markets. The oranges intended for the export market are always gathered before they are ripe.

The China orange is receiving more and more attention; it has a smooth, thin rind, and very abundant juice. Then there are all manner of other oranges, such as the egg, the blood, the Jaffa, and the seedless Majorca orange. The Mandarin orange is a fruit which is much broader than long, and the rind is only very loosely attached; it is like the Tangerine.

A very curious description is the Kum-quat, which is obtained from China, Japan, and Australia; this curious orange is little bigger than a gooseberry. The Seville orange used for marmalade is well known.

There are uses for every part of the orange tree, from making medicines to decorating the head-dress of brides. Even the small green oranges which fall from the trees are not wasted. These are collected and dried, and used in making liqueurs.

"Barbara Allen" cannot sing. But, woman-like, will try. I've heard her tackle "Forty Songs," "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye."

QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

STILL A PUPPY.

THE youth had only just left college, and his ambition, like his collar, was high.

At home, the all-engrossing subject was the young man's future career; and he was discussing with his parents which of the professions stood most in need of his genius.

The father's idea of his son's ability was disgustingly low.

"I think," said the old man, "that you had better adorn one of the stools in my office."

The young man drew himself up, and the high collar grew tight as he strove to swallow his righteous anger. Folding his arms, he asked:

"Am I a dog?"

"No, not yet; but you'll grow," came the crushing response.

"HE pretends to be a philosopher"

"Yes; but I notice one peculiar thing about his philosophy."

"What's that?"

"It's only other people's hard luck that he is able to accept philosophically!"

MRS. CHOLMONDELAY BROWNING: "Oh, yes, my dear; he got his money by extremely hard work."

Mrs. Upton Stokes-Trent: "I thought it was left to him by his uncle?"

Mrs. Cholmondelay Browning: "It was; but he had hard work getting it away from the lawyers."

HAWKINS: "You look out of sorts, old man. What's the trouble?"

Parker: "Just lost my new silk umbrella."

Hawkins: "How did it happen?"

Parker: "Follow that owned it happened to come into the office and recognised it."

ARTIFICIAL, INDEED!

BRIDGET'S mistress was severity itself on one point. She would not under any circumstances allow anything approaching finery in the dress of her servants. Therefore, when Bridget, after several warnings, appeared with a very large and vivid bunch of flowers in her hat, naturally her mistress was annoyed.

"How many times have I told you that I do not allow my servants to wear artificial flowers?" she cried. "I give you fair warning that the next time you disobey me you leave."

"But I haven't disobeyed you, mum," said Bridget; "these ain't artificial flowers."

"How dare you! Well, I never did! You have the assurance to tell me I cannot believe my own eyes!"

"Well, mum, they ain't artificial flowers. They're real 'uns. I got 'em out of master's greenhouse."

MRS. ASKER: "Now, Mrs. Bankey, will you come and see our apiary?"

Mrs. Bankey (who has been putting it off all the afternoon): "Well, Mrs. Asker, the truth is, you know, I—I'm rather afraid of monkeys!"

MISS SKIMP: "So you were in the Crimean War, Major! And were you with the famous Light Brigade in their historic charge?"

Major Anannias: "I—er—was unfortunately placed, madame. Felt aggrieved and disappointed, but they would take only six hundred and I was number six nought one, worse luck!"

ARTIST (showing friend his masterpiece): "Now, my boy, that *is* a picture, if you like—real and natural. What do you think of it?"

Friend: "Capital! Capital! So life-like! Such light and shade! I don't think I ever saw a better picture of a battlefield."

Artist: "Great Paul Rubens! That's not a battlefield— that's a basket of fruit!"

HIS ADVERT. DIDN'T PAY.

To have themselves publicly called out of a crowded place of entertainment, on the pretence that they are wanted by importunate patients, is supposed to be one of the stock methods of advertising resorted to by doctors who wish to build up a practice.

A young physician tried the dodge with disappointing results not long back. He instructed his man-servant to come to the stage door of the theatre and say that a patient of his was in urgent need of attention.

"Right you are, sir," said the servant, with a solemn wink. "You leave it to me. I'll manage it all right."

But apparently the man-servant exceeded instructions in his zeal, for when, at the end of the second act, the manager came before the curtain, what he said was:

"If Dr. Blank is in the audience, I am requested to tell him that he is wanted at once, as the poor fellow he gave some physic to this afternoon has been having fits ever since."

ADVICE FROM THE EDITOR.

Two young reporters were sent to a country town by the editor of a certain newspaper to describe the burning of an orphan asylum.

Late that night, when the "chief" was wondering why no "copy" had come in, a telegraph messenger rushed in and handed him a wire. He opened it, and read:

"DEAR SIR,—We are here. What shall we do?"

It was signed with the names of the two men sent to "write up" the fire.

The editor made a few remarks, which, while they may have been appropriate to the occasion, would not look well in print. Then he filled in a telegraph form with this brief message:

"Find out where the fire is hottest, and jump in."

"CAN you tell me what a smile is, Elsie?" asked the father of his little daughter.

"A smile is a laugh that cracks one's face without breaking it open," replied the small observer.

MRS. BUXOM: "That hateful Mrs. Knox made a very mean comment upon my age to-day."

Mr. Buxom: "Did she say you were getting old?"

Mrs. Buxom: "No, indeed! She said I 'still looked quite young.'"

BUT NOT DIRECT.

Pompous Policeman (to labourer who has fallen from a high scaffolding): "Hullo! Where did you come from?"

Pleasant Patrick: "Sure, from the North of Oireland, me bhoy."

DANK: "Oakland is a contradictory kind of fellow, isn't he?"

Blash: "Yes; the other night he dreamed that he couldn't go to sleep."

"IN some circles of old," said the pedantic person, "it was the custom to have a skeleton at the feast."

"We follow the same custom," said Mr. Meekton. "We have a turkey one day, and the skeleton for the next four."

ROBBINS: "Highbee must be one of those men who are always looking for trouble."

Mack: "Why?"

Robbins: "He has been married only a month, and now he has bought a motor-car!"

"UP THE SPOUT."

IT was during the tour of *Tyro the Terrible; or The Bandit of Barking*, and they were playing their third night at Mudville. The two first performances had enriched the treasury to the extent of thirty-eight shillings, including a four-shilling piece and a half-crown that had seen better days.

It was time for the show to begin, and the scene-shifter, who also combined the duties of prompter, stage-manager, bill-poster, and leading bandit, was waiting for Mr. Percival Oofless, the company's manager, who had gone out hurriedly a few moments previously, to return and give the word of command to send the curtain up.

Presently he appeared, and the scene-shifter inquired anxiously: "Ring up, sir?"

"Yes," was the reply, in tones of sadness, "but they wouldn't lend me more than half-a-crown on it, blow them!"

HIS REASON

THE preacher made a dramatic appeal to the consciences of the members of his congregation

"Those of you, brethren, who pay your debts, rise." The whole congregation, with a solitary exception, accepted the invitation, and, having done so, resumed their seats at the minister's request.

"Now, let those who do not pay their debts stand up."

Up rose the lonely man.

"Why don't you pay, Brother Tyson? Why are you so different from other brethren here?"

"Well, perhaps it is because I am no liar, and I can't get a red cent. of what these people round me owe me."

HUSBAND: "You don't appear to like Mrs. Sweetie."

Wife: "The horrid thing! I hate her! Next time we meet I'll kiss her only once, and I shan't ask after her baby."

"OH, for the wings of a dove!" sighed the poet with the unbarbered hair.

"Order what you like," rejoined the prosaic person, "but, as for me, give me the breast of a chicken."

"DON'T you think it is wrong for your husband to bet on horse races?" said the prudent woman.

"It is, very frequently," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "The trouble is that you can't tell when until after the race is run, and then it's too late."

"You say this Mr. Madder Brown is wedded to his art?" said the connoisseur, as he gazed at the picture.

"That's what he says."

"It's awful," sighed the connoisseur, as he handed it back, "the terrible matrimonial trouble some men have to go through!"

MADE SURE BEFOREHAND.

AT a certain church, not a hundred miles from Hoxton, a costermonger and his "lidy" were married a few weeks ago.

Immediately the ceremony had been performed 'Arry called the officiating clergyman on one side, and asked

"Guv'nor, is I spliced nah?"

"You are most certainly married now," replied the clergyman, with a smile.

"Abserlootely, guv'nor?"

"Yes, yes," said the clergyman again. "You are bound up now so thoroughly that nothing but death can sever the tie."

"An' you couldn't undo us agin, even if yer wanted to, eh?" persisted 'Arry.

"Neither myself—nor any other mortal," answered the clergyman.

"Then," said 'Arry, "I ain't a-going to pay yer!"

"WELL, Jones has struck it rich, at last!"

"You don't say?"

"Yes; his wife allows him ten shillings a week out of his salary now!"

VISITOR: "I want to see the proprietor of Pepsin's Patent Predigested Food."

Clerk: "He's away, ill."

Visitor: "What's the matter with him?"

Clerk: "Oh, the old complaint! Indigestion!"

MRS. ASCUM: "I'm surprised to find you looking for another servant. I thought you engaged one yesterday."

Mrs. Hiram Offen: "Oh! she's a lady's maid. She merely waits on me. I'm looking for another one to wait on her."

THE JOKE EDITOR: "Why on earth do you bring such awful rubbish here? There isn't a joke here that would bring a smile to the face of a laughing jackass!"

The Contributor: "I beg your pardon, they've made dozens of people roar. They're remarks made by Mr. Justice Bigwig, the famous judge!"

SHE TOLD HIM A LIE.

HE had been dining well, but not too wisely, and the next morning his conscience, as well as his head, smote him pretty considerably. Yet he managed to struggle down to breakfast, and to make an attempt to toy with the palatable kidney and nicely-fried rasher, which his dear little wife had thoughtfully provided.

"Cecil," said his better half, gently, as she watched his ineffectual endeavours to do justice to the matutinal repast, "I am afraid that I told you a lie yesterday, and I want you to forgive me, dear."

"A lie?" he asked wonderingly.

"Yes; as you left the house you will remember I said to you, 'You'll be home early, darling!' Well, it wasn't true!"

And he went out, a sadder and wiser man.

Uneasy lies the hapless head To which a crown belongs, But even Kings can cheer themselves With "Forty Famous Songs."

(Continued from Page One.)

Canvin, Miss E. M., Clapham Rd.
Cawood, H., Cooper St., Gl'w.
Cayless, Miss C., Dodbin St., Br'l.
Chalk, O., Croydon.
Chambers, F. G., [illegible]
Chapell, C., Victoria Rd., B'l'st.
Chapman, A., Lincoln.
Chapman, J., H.M. Customs, E.C.
Chapman, W. P., H.M.S. Furious.
Charlton, Mrs., Gt. Yarmouth.
Cheales, H. J., Finsbury, E.C.
Cheesebro, J. W., Hartlepool.
Chiswell, W. J., Tottenham, [illegible]
Chubb, J. H., Crawley Rd., Luton.
Clare, Mrs. G., Walsall.
Clark, Miss M., [illegible]
Clark, J., Ledbury.
Clark, N., Burton-on-Trent.
Clark, W., [illegible]
Clark, W. H., Luton.
Clarke, O. H., Ipswich.
Clarke, H., Goole, Yorks.
Clarke, M., Worcester.
Clarke, Miss E., Hanley, Staffs.
Clarke, Mrs., Ealing, W.
Clarkson, Mrs. M., Walthamstow.
Cleaver, A., Aston Manor, B'ham.
Cleugh, Miss M., Leith.
Clifford, H., Battersea.
Clist, J., H.M.S. "Venerable."
Coates, E., Hyde Pk., Leeds.
Cobb, A. M., St. Albans.
Cocks, F. A., Plymouth.
Coghlan, H., Lymington.
Cole, J. W., Willesden.
Cole, W. A., Roundhay Rd., Leeds.
Collett, Mrs., Streatham.
Collins, J. H., Brighton.
Collins, P. A., Llandaff.
Collinson, Mrs., Gt. Yarmouth.
Colver, T., Gainsborough.
Connarty, M., Leith.
Conn, W. T., Knowle, Br'l.
Connal, Mrs., Blyth, North'd.
Conniff, T., Kidwelly, Carm.
Cook, Miss M., Finsbury Pk. Rd.
Cook, A., Wantage, Berks.
Cook, G. A., Lymm, Cheshire.
Cooke, Miss, King's H'th., B'ham.
Corbett, Mrs., Stoke Newington.
Corbett, W., Wolverhampton.
Cottrell, Miss E. M., E. Moseley.
Coulton, Mrs., Burton-on-Trent.
Coutts, G. F., St. Albans.
Cox, C. H., Newport, Mon.
Cox, G., Blackley, Manchester.
Cox, Mrs., New Southgate.
Cox, W. B., Fulham.
Coyne, R., Belfast.
Craig, Miss M., Holly'd., Airdrie.
Craymer, H. W., Ilford.
Cribb, Mrs., Retford, Notts.
Crick, J. H., Peterboro'.
Crosher, F., Lydd, Kent.
Crosse, Mrs. J., Whitchurch, Salop.
Crowe, B., Forest Hill.
Cullinan, M. J., [illegible]
Cumming, Gnr. J. [illegible]
Curd, S., Sydenham.
Curtis, F. C., Tower Hill, E.C.
Curtis, Mrs., [illegible]
Curtis, W., Limehouse.

Daly, B. D. H., Hounsdown.
Daniel, G. H., Ashford.
Dance, H., Reigate, Surrey.
Daniels, A. W., Oulton Broad.
Dann, A. C., Chippenham.
Dashwood, E. E., Southsea.
Davidson, A. J., Victoria Docks.
Davies, E. H. H., Ashford, Midd'x.
Davies, Miss G., Grange, C'diff.
Davies, H. V., Birkenhead.
Davies, J., Newport, Mon.
Davies, W., Port Talbot, Glam.
Davies, W., Deganwy, N. Wales.
Davies, W. G., Pontnewydd.
Davies, W. H., Llandilo.
Davies, W. L., Timperley, Ches.
Dawson, Miss J., Norwich.
Dawson, R. J., Egremont, Ches.
Day, A. H., Acton, B'ham.
Day, Miss E. S., Doncaster.
Deal, J., Kinlochleven, N.B.
Dean, F., Waltham Abb'y, Essex.
Dean, J., Ormesby, Middlesbro'.
Dearman, J., Sheffield.
De Courcey [illegible], F. H., R.E. Eng. Col., D'port.
Dell, A. H., Cambridge.
Dell, C. E., Belfast.
Denning, W. H., Putney, S.W.
Dennis, A. W., Colchester.
Dennis, T., Sedbergh, Yorks.
Denny, H., Bradford.
Denson, E. W., Northampton.
Dewolf, W., Dale St., L'pool.
Dickie, A., Ipswich.
Dobson, Mrs., Kilmarnock.
Dochart, Miss, Forest Hill.
Dockeray, R., Hornsey, N.
Dodds, Miss, Greenock, N.B.
Dolton, J. H., Royston.
Donaldson, Mrs., Pitcaple, N.B.
Double, W., Turner's Rd., Bow.
Duncan, W., Brixton, S.W.
Dunn, Miss J. M., Shrewsbury.
Dutton, A., Clarbeston Rd. R.S.O.
Dwelly, Mrs., Bristol.
Dymock, Miss H. Mal., Bedford.

Eady, N., Willesden Green, N.W.
Eagleton, J. C., Norwich.
Eagleton, [illegible]
Earnshaw, Miss [illegible]
East, F., Hornsey Rise.
Eastwood, C. W., Crouch Hill, N.
Eaton, H., Wellington, Salop.
Eddington, [illegible]
Edmonds, Mrs., Gillingham, Kent.
Edon-Brown, [illegible]
Edwards, B., Kelvinside, Gl'w.
Edwards, F. C., [illegible]
Edwards, J., Underhill, [illegible]
Edwards, G. W., Newport, Mon.
Edwards, R., [illegible]
Ellam, G. S., Anerley, S.E.
Ellis, G. H., [illegible]
Ellis, O. C. N., Mill Hill Pk., W.
Ellis, T. H., Borough.
Elvey, R. M., Leighton, Beds.
Elwin, W. D., Weymouth.

[illegible], Mrs. E., Croydon.
[illegible], Sutton-on-Sea.
[illegible], Solihull, B'ham.
England, [illegible], Southampton.
English, Miss K., Sunderland.
Erskine, [illegible], Edinburgh.
[illegible], Notts.
[illegible], Handsworth, B'ham.
Evans, [illegible], Plaistow.
Evans, A., Wandsworth.
Evans, [illegible], Waverley, L'l.
Evans, [illegible], Warrington, Lancs.
Evans, [illegible], Ballyshannon.
Evans, [illegible], P.O., Grays.
Evans, [illegible], Newport, Mon.
[illegible], Clitheroe.
Everton, W. F. A., Plumstead.

[illegible], Gloucester.
[illegible], City Rd., E.C.
[illegible], Brighton.
[illegible], Notting Hill.
[illegible], Ranelagh, Dub.
[illegible]
[illegible], Cork.
[illegible], Romford.
[illegible], Leeds.
[illegible]
[illegible], Loughborough.
[illegible], Gillingham, Kent.
[illegible], Lincoln.
[illegible], Henley-on-Thames.
Fitt, H., Weston-s.-Mare.
Fitz-Herbert, Miss A., York.
Fitzpatrick, [illegible], Kilburn.
Fleeman, F. G., Loughborough.
Folkes, E., Ramsgate.
Follis, C. P., Handsworth, B'ham.
Forbes, J. M., Leyton.
Forbes, R. M., Cardiff.
Ford, C. W., Torquay.
Forgie, A. E., Pollokshaws, N.B.
Forrest, G. H., Glasgow.
[illegible], Derby.
[illegible], Miss G., Kingstown, Dub.
[illegible], Chingford.
[illegible], Edinburgh.
[illegible], Forest Gate.
Fox, [illegible], Watford.
Fox, G., [illegible], Swansea.
[illegible], Newbury, B'ks.
[illegible]
Franklin, Miss, Frinton-on-Sea.
[illegible], Kentish Town, N.W.
[illegible], Herne Bay.
[illegible], Kentish Town.
[illegible], Southampton.
[illegible], Buckhurst Hill.
[illegible], Weymouth.
[illegible]
[illegible], Pall Mall, S.W.
[illegible], Grays.
[illegible], Whaley Bridge, Ches.
[illegible], Croydon.
[illegible]
Fry, J. W., Dulwich.
[illegible]
[illegible], Walsall.
[illegible], Northumberland Av.

[illegible]
Gentle, A., Cricklewood.
Gentleman, [illegible], Campbeltown, Argyl.
George, Mrs., St. Neots, Hunts.
George, [illegible]
Gibbons, W., [illegible]
Gibson, E., [illegible]
Giles, Miss [illegible], Albert Rd., Ashf'd.
Gill, C. [illegible] St., W.
[illegible], Bromsgrove, Worc.
[illegible], Miss L., Smethwick, Staff.
[illegible], Donnybrook, Dub.
Glynn, Mrs., Maidenhead.
Godfrey, H., Crystal Palace, S.E.
Goodman, [illegible]
[illegible], St. Louis St., Hull.
Goss, W., H.M. B'ks, Plymouth.
Graham, A., Alexandria, N.B.
Graham, Miss, Morningside, Edin.
Graham, Mrs., St. Leonards.
[illegible], Middlesbrough.
Grant, [illegible], Crosshill, Gl'w.
Grant, [illegible], Hampstead.
Grant, W., Montgomery St., Edin.
[illegible], Derby.
Gray, Miss E., Paignton.
[illegible], H. P. W., Edinburgh.
Grealy, G., Wolstanton, Staffs.
Grealy, J. G., Newcastle, Staffs.
Green, A. J., Manley Pk., M'ter.
Green, Mrs., Southville, Br'l.
Green, N., Streatham.
Greenhill, Miss E., Gloucester.
Gregory, A., 22 East India Rd., E.
Griffith, E. A., Gloucester.
Griffith, Mrs., Abergavenny.
Grocock, W. H., Little Eaton.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], Gloucester Rd., S.W.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Gwilliam, [illegible], Leominster.
Gwynne, [illegible], Swansea.
Gyde, W., Bedford.

Hackett, J. [illegible], Kenilworth.
Haigh, [illegible]
Hale, J., Uxbridge, [illegible]
Hall, [illegible], Bedford.
Hall, [illegible], Sunderland.
[illegible], Grimsby.
[illegible]
[illegible], Chiswick.
Hammond, J., Old Kent Rd., S.E.
Hamilton, Mrs., York.
Hamilton, A., Glasgow.
Hampton, D., Montrose.
Hancock, C. L., Nottingham.

Hancock, J., [illegible], Galway.
Handcock, H., Knowle, Br'l.
Hanley, A., Dublin.
Hann, A., [illegible], Tring.
Hannaford, W. J., Plymouth.
Hannell, P. J., Croydon.
Harbottle, Lt., H.M.S. "Thames."
[illegible], Shrews.
[illegible], Belfast.
[illegible], Mrs., Pimlico.
Harley, J., Drumcondra, Dublin.
Harris, [illegible], Newport, Mon.
[illegible]
Harrison, A. J., Padiham, Lancs.
Harrison, C., Fulham P. Rd., S.W.
Harrison, Miss J., Halifax.
Harrison, Mrs., Tamworth.
Harrison, W., Wylam-on-Tyne.
Harrison, W., Quarry Hill, Grays.
Hart, C., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Hartwell, Mrs., Norwich.
[illegible], C., Hastings.
[illegible], Mrs., Plymouth.
[illegible], W., Thornton Heath.
[illegible], Mrs., Walsall.
Hawkins, Miss, Camp Hill, B'h'm.
[illegible], Ann St., Plumstead.
[illegible], Eastbourne.
[illegible], Northfield, B'ham.
Head, A. G., Up. Tooting.
[illegible], J., Dublin.
[illegible], Miss M. E., Derby.
Helliwell, F. G., Dudley, Worcs.
Helliwell, Mrs., Baildon.
[illegible], Mrs., Wimbledon.
Hemming, F. G., Oxford St., W.
Henderson, H., Clapham.
Henderson, T. L., Woolwich.
Hendy, W. H., Plymouth.
Henry, A., Montrose.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Hewett, A. G., Bradford.
Hewitt, A. H., Coventry.
[illegible]
[illegible], Grays Pk., W.
[illegible]
[illegible], W., Thetford, N'folk.
Hill, Mrs., London Rd., Redhill.
Hill, [illegible], Hants.
Hill, [illegible], Worcester.
Hill, [illegible], Wolverhampton.
Hill, Miss E., Camberwell.
Hill, W., Lancaster Av., M'ter.
[illegible], A., Kilburn.
[illegible]
[illegible], W. F., Margate.
Hoare, T., Newgate St., E.C.
[illegible], Pk., W.
[illegible], Ho. Club.
Hodder, Miss E. G., [illegible]
Hodge, E., Princes Av., Hull.
Hodgson, [illegible], Coventry.
Hodgson, J. F., Streatham.
[illegible], Hornchurch.
Holdsworth, H. J., Hull.
[illegible], H. S., Scarborough.
[illegible], Miss E., Acton.
Holmes, B. A., Colchester.
Holmes, [illegible], Ilford.
[illegible], H., Cheltenham.
[illegible], Devonport, Dev.
[illegible], New Cross.
Hope, J., [illegible], Stirling, N.B.
Hopwell, W. H., Hanwell.
[illegible], St., Hull.
Hope, Mrs., Alex'dra Pde., Gl'w.
[illegible], Miss K., Birmingham.
[illegible], Mrs., Dennistoun, Gl'w.
[illegible], Brookwood.
[illegible], Grays.
[illegible], N.B.
[illegible], Dunfermline.
Howlett, W. G., [illegible]
Hoyle, T., Waterhouses, Old'm.
Hulme, H., Burslem, Staffs.
[illegible], H. R., Dunstable.
Hume, J., High St., Hawick.
Humphries, A., Sheffield.
Humphreys, W., Welshpool.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], Old Broad St., E.C.
Husband, G. W., Salford, M'ter.
[illegible], R. H., H.M.S. Berwick.
Hyslop, A., Dumbarton.

Illing, H. J., Forest Gate.
Irvine, J., Kerr St., Paisley.
Irwin, A., Belfast.

Jackson, G., Moseley, B'ham.
Jackson, Mrs. L., Anerley.
James, C., Newport, Mon.
James, G. W., Limehouse.
Jamieson, F., Partick.
[illegible], Glo.
James, J. H., [illegible], Glam.
Jamieson, J. F., Aberdeen.
[illegible], W., Bridgeton, Gl'w.
[illegible], Mrs., Ranelagh Gdn., I'ford.
Jary, T. W., Brighton.
Jeary, W. C., Chiswick.
Jenkin, Mrs., Wood Green.
Jenkinson, H., Leytonstone.
Jenkinson, Miss, Edinburgh.
Jenner, A. L., Lindfield.
[illegible], F. A., Moseley, B'ham.
Jermyn, J. W., Bedford.
[illegible], E., Addington Rd., Bow.
[illegible], W., Hyde, Ches.
Job, F., [illegible]
John, D. P., Plasmarl, Swansea.
Johnson, Mrs., Anfield, Liverpool.
Johnson, E., [illegible]
Johnson, J. W., East Ham.
Johnston, Miss B., Glasgow.
Johnstone, W. E., Thetford.
Jones, Miss [illegible], Norwood.
Jones, Mrs., South Pk., Card. S.
Jones, Mrs., Upper Pk., N.
Jones, [illegible], Maidenhead.
Jones, [illegible], Dover.
Jones, [illegible], Glam.
Jones, [illegible], Kent.
Jones, [illegible], Burry Port, Carm.
Jones, W. [illegible], Liscard, Ches.
[illegible], Leadenhall St.
Joseph, G. [illegible], Exeter.
Joyce, D. V., Lee, Kent.

Kane, A., Prom'ade, Swansea.
[illegible], Miss L., Wicklow.
[illegible], E., Hanley, Staffs.
Kelly, Miss M., [illegible], Falls.
Kemp, J. E., Bridlington.
Kennedy, Miss C., Edinburgh.

Kent, A. J., Brighton.
Kent, Miss E., Gt. Yarmouth.
[illegible], Miss B., Worthing.
Key, Miss J., Shettleston, Gl'w.
Kidd, Mrs., Farnborough.
Killick, A., Monasterevan, Ire.
King, W., Wallington.
King, H., [illegible], Kent.
King, Mrs., Leicester.
[illegible], Mrs., Morecambe.
Knapman, G. A., Stonehouse.
Knapp, W., [illegible], Brighton.
Knott, Sgt. W., Warrington.
Knox, Miss, Hoylake.
Kyle, D. W., Craigton, Gl'w.

Labdon, C., Twyford, Berks.
Laidler, J. G., Whitley Bay.
Lake, W., Lillie Rd., Fulham.
Lamond, D., George St., Gl'w.
Lamont, J. H., Edinburgh.
Lancaster, W., W. Norwood.
[illegible], Commercial St., W.
[illegible], O. J., Wickford, E.C.
Langley, H. W., Stoke Newington.
Langton, A., Blackheath.
[illegible], E., Lichfield, Staffs.
[illegible], A., Tillingham, Ex.
[illegible], H. M., Southgate.
[illegible], Mrs., Bedford.
Leach, Mrs., Bridgwater.
Leatham, G., North Rd., Durh'm.
Leech, T. D., Swalwell, R.S.O.
Lee, A., Drumcondra, Dublin.
Legg, W., H.M.S. "[illegible]"
Le Hay, Mrs. S., Hampstead.
Lehmann, H. W., Bridgf'd, Notts.
Leonard, A., Wandsworth Com.
Leonard, M. K., Cork.
Lewis, Miss, Conway Rd., B'ham.
Lewis, Miss L., Shortlands.
Lewis, S. H., [illegible], Dundee.
Lewis, H., Knutsford.
Lewis, J., Manchester Sq.
[illegible], Miss M., Swansea.
Lightfoot, W. M., [illegible], N.B.
Lisle, E. H., Kenilworth.
Limerick, F., Milford Haven.
Lincoln, Mrs., Edgbaston, B'ham.
[illegible], T. J., Colwyn Bay.
Little, R., Windermere.
Livingstone, Mrs., New Cut, Br'l.
Lockwood, H., New Cross.
[illegible], Mrs., Loughboro', Leic.
London, [illegible], Shipley.
Long, H. F., Acre Ho., Windsor.
Longworth, J. W., Farnworth.
[illegible], H. P., Edinburgh.
Low, A., G.P.O., Dundee.
Lowry, Hope, Haslemere.
[illegible], W., Colwyn Bay.
Lunn, R. G., Bridgwater.

Macbean, Mrs., Fawley, S'h'pton.
Macdonald, A., Friern Barnet.
Macdonald, E., Kenningt'n Pk. Rd.
Macdonald, J., Glasgow.
Macfarlane, Mrs., Bankfoot, N.B.
Macgregor, Mrs., Cambuslang.
Mackay, W. D., [illegible], Gl'w.
MacKenzie, A. W., Edinburgh.
Macneill, J. C., [illegible], N.B.
Macrae, Mrs., Anniesland, Gl'w.
MacHale, J., Windsor Ter., Gl'w.
MacHugh, A., New Cross Rd.
MacKenzie, K. B., Pall Mall.
MacLean, D., Manchester.
McCallum, Mrs., Stirling.
McChesney, D., Orr St., Paisley.
McCombe, Mrs., Hull.
McConnell, Miss K., Plymouth.
McConnachie, J. J., [illegible]
McCreadie, J., Parkhead.
McCreadie, A., Paisley.
McCully, H., Ballycarry.
McDiarmid, D., Dartford.
McEwen, T. W., Glasgow.
McGibbon, R., Dennistoun, Gl'g.
McGarrery, Mrs., Hitchin.
McGrane, L. J., Little [illegible]
McGregor, A., Kelvinside, Gl'w.
[illegible], A., Shawlands, Gl'w.
McKenna, J. F., Belfast.
McKerrell, L., Murrayfield, N.B.
McKinlay, Miss D., Stockton-on-T.
McKinlay, Mrs. G., Glasgow.
McLaughlin, Mrs. P., Greenock.
McLelland, H., Snr., Stranraer.
McMichael, J., Glasgow.
McMurtrie, N. S., Wishaw.
McNab, [illegible], St., W.
McNair, [illegible], J., Worcester.
Mabby, F. [illegible], Hornsey.
Madge, R., Morriston, Sw'a.
Maguire, Mrs., Ranelagh, Dub.
[illegible], A., Fulham.
Major, Miss K., Acton.
[illegible], Miss M., Hull.
Makepeace, H., Abbey G., L'pool.
Mansell, R. G., Bromley.
Manwaring, J. E., B'ham.
Markham, F. J., Stoke Newingt'n.
Markland, A. D., Rugby.
Marriott, Mrs., Ilford.
Marsden, H., Harringay.
Marsh, Miss H., Peckham Rd.
Marshall, Mrs., Weston-s.-Mare.
Marshall, H., Kilburn.
Martin, Miss A., St. Luke's, E.C.
Martin, G., Upton Manor.
Martin, G., Braintree.
Martin, H., Brighton.
Martin, H. E., Redland Rd., Br'l.
Martin, H. W., Cootehill, Ire.
Mason, Mrs., Tooting Common.
Mason, W., Dennistoun, Gl'w.
Mason, W. H., St. Peter's, Carm.
Mathieson, T. G., Hull.
Matthew, Mrs., Dumfries.
Matthews, A., Kilwinning.
Matthews, C., Newick Pk., Sus.
Matthews, G. T., Bristol.
May, A. [illegible], Horfield, Br'l.
[illegible], W., Long Eaton.
Mayne, R., Wexford.
Mears, P. H., Ramsgate.
Meiklejohn, J., East Ham.
Mellor, G. E., W. Dulwich.
[illegible], J., Waterloo, L'l.
Meredith, R., Stockport.
Merry, C. M., Beckenham.
Metcalfe, Mrs., Ashbourne.
Miller, Mrs. E., [illegible], L'l.
Miller, F. W., Greenock.
Miller, Miss M., Long Acre.
Millhouse, W., Grimsby.
Milligan, D., Jnr., Smith St., Ayr.
[illegible], T. H., Wigan.
Mills, H., Chiswick.
[illegible], Mrs., Herne Hill.
Mitchell, C., Rock Ferry.
Mitchell, M., Middlesbro'.
[illegible], Miss H., Anstruther.
[illegible], D., Dunstable.
Monteith, J., Kirkmaiden.
[illegible], C. W., Southampton.
Moorby, C. A., Hull.
Moore, J., Stroud, Glos.
Moore, Mrs., Nottingham.
Moore, Mrs., Hillingdon Heath.
Moore, W., Liverpool.
Moran, D. A., Lime St., [illegible]
Morbey, J. H., Northampton.
Morgan, E., Plumstead.
Morley, F. G., Nottingham.
[illegible], D., Johnstone.
Morris, E. L., Belfast.
Morris, T., Waterford.
Mortimer, H. E., Kingswood, Br'l.
Moss, F., Aston St., Oxford.
Moss, R., Portsmouth.
Moss, W. H., Ebbw Vale, Mon.
Mount, W., McL., St. Albans.
Mowat, G., Edinburgh.
[illegible], H., Bristol.
[illegible], C. F., Lombard St.
Murphy, T. D., Fairview, Dub.
Murphy, R., [illegible], Kent.
Murray, E., Motherwell.
Murray, E. E., Chatham.
Murtagh, P. V. C., Dublin.

[illegible], Miss C., Portsmouth.
Mustard, A., Clapham Common.
Mustard, E., Walsall.
Munts, C. L. E., Plymouth.

Neate, W., B's Stortford.
[illegible], C. H., Aston, B'ham.
[illegible], H., Sunderland.
[illegible], T., Ladywood, B'ham.
[illegible], L. E., Ryde, I.W.
[illegible], Miss, Notting Hill Gate.
[illegible], H. V., Folkestone.
[illegible], C., Liverpool.
Nightingale, G. H., Towcester.
Nixon, J., Bournemouth.
Nixon, W., Ashbourne.
Noke, W. E., Stourbridge.
Norgate, G., Norwich.
Norman, J., Seven Kings.
North, Mrs., N'hampton.
[illegible], J., Holborn.
[illegible], C., Wolverhampton.
Nye, G., [illegible], Kent.

[illegible], L., [illegible] Lane, nr. Derby.
[illegible], T. A., Honeycroft, L'l.
O'Gara, J., Rusholme, M'ter.
[illegible], T., S. C. Rd., Dublin.
O'Neill, D. H., Dulwich.
O'Neill, J., Belfast.
O'Rourke, F. C., Hanwell.
Osbaldeston, F., Henley.
Osborne, G., Coventry.
[illegible], F. M., Tunbridge Wells.
Owens, E., Hanley, Staffs.

[illegible], F. C., Eastbourne.
Page, Miss, Acton.
Paine, Mrs., Mortlake.
[illegible], E., Firth Pk., Shef.
[illegible], Miss E., Whitchurch.
Parker, F. G., Fulham.
Parkes, H., Quinton, nr. B'ham.
Parker, R. E., Catford.
[illegible], H., [illegible], Durham.
Parry, T. L., Merthyr Tydvil.
Parsons, Miss, Hagley Rd., B'h'm.
Parsons, L., Wanstead.
Parsons, F., Cheltenham.
Parsons, T., Market Bosworth.
Parton, Miss H. M., Sheffield.
Partridge, S. J., Wednesbury.
Paterson, Mrs., Glasgow.
Paul, S. H., Waldron.
[illegible], A., Barnsbury.
Pearce, D., Brixton Hill.
Pearce, [illegible] N., Swansea.
[illegible], H. W., Leyton.
[illegible], S., Sutton-in-Ashfield.
Peckham, Mrs., Clapham Pk.
Peel, Miss N. C., Willesden.
Pender, E. T., Clapton.
Pennington, T. W., Reigate.
Perrin, P., Swansea.
Perry, A., Llanelly.
Phillips, A. W., Sunderland.
Phillips, C., Small Heath, B'ham.
Phillips, J. O., Dronfield.
Phoenix, G., Salford, M'ter.
Pickard, Mrs., Leicester.
[illegible], G., Bicester.
[illegible], C. B., Eaton, N'wich.
Pike, Miss M., Sunderland.
Pinkerton, J., Edinburgh.
Pinkney, J. H., Thornaby-on-Tees.
Piper, H. B., Wolverhampton.
Plummer, E., Acton.
Plummer, S., Luton.
[illegible], Mrs., Bristol.
Pollard, F., Up. Tooting.
Pond, Miss V. M., Tufnell Park.
[illegible], Plymouth.
Powell, A., Northumberland Pl.
Powell, A. J., Cheltenham.
Power, Mrs., Westminster.
Pratt, H., Old Charlton.
Pratt, Miss L., Lewisham.
Pratt, W. H., H.M.S. "Osprey."
Preston, A. H., Christchurch.
Preston, G., Fetter Lane, E.C.
Price, H., Dudley, Worc.
Price, J. C., Rugby.
Priestley, [illegible]
Pritchard, S. J., Harlesden.
Proctor, J., Blackburn.
Prosser, Mrs., Newport, Mon.
Pryce, G. T., [illegible], Mon.
Pryor, Miss L., Roath, C'diff.
Pugsley, Mrs., Torquay.
Pullin, E. N., Cardiff.
Pullen, Miss M., Farnham.
Punchard, W., [illegible], Wrexham.
[illegible], E. A., Dorchester.
Pyne, W. D., Exeter.

Radcliffe, W., Belfast.
Rains, L. J., Patrick St., Cork.
Ramsbottom, T., Wakefield.
Ramsey, H., Jnr., S. Bermondsey.
Randall, W. H. M., Leyton.
Ransley, E. C., E. Twickenham.
Ratcliffe, S. T., Burton.
[illegible], Mrs. S., Coventry.
[illegible], C. J., Eastbourne.
Raymond, Miss R., Ilford.
Read, Miss L., Tooting Com.
Readman, F., Boosbeck.
Redfern, Miss R., Nr. Crumpsall.
Redwood, Miss E., Yeovil.
Reece, W. V., Barry Dock.
Reed, Mrs. R., Port Clarence.
Rees, Miss E. A., Swansea.
Rees, L., Rhondda, Glam.
Rees, L. W., Cheltenham.
Regan, J., Darlington.
Reid, A. R., Buckie, N.B.
Reid, F., Edinburgh.
[illegible], J. J., Newport, Mon.
Rennie, J. F., Moseley, B'ham.
Renshaw, S. E., Longsight, M'ter.
Reynolds, W. E., Portsmouth.
Richards, A. E., Wolverhampton.
Richards, J., Forest Gate.
Richards, J., Blackpool.
Richards, W., Cathays, Cardiff.
Richards, W., H.M.S. Black Prince.
[illegible], A. E., Jersey.
Riddell, C. H., Cathays, C'diff.
Robbie, J., Newport, Fife.
Roberts, Miss J., Jersey.
Roberts, D., Tynemouth, N. S'lds.
Roberts, H., Clapton.
Roberts, E., Newton Heath, M'ter.
Roberts, T., Small Heath, B'ham.
Robertson, Miss, Langside, Gl'w.
Robertson, Miss A., [illegible]
Robertson, [illegible], Peterborough.
Robertson, G., Edinburgh.
Robertson, J., [illegible], N.B.
Robins, A., Crewe.
Robins, E., Torquay.
Robins, C. E., Gathurst, Wigan.
Robinson, E., Hurlingham, S.W.

Robinson, R. C. J., [illegible]
[illegible], Mrs. [illegible]
Rogers, Miss L., Limehouse.
[illegible], E., Brighton.
Rose, F., Warrington.
Rogers, W., Banbury.
Ross, E. A., Cricklewood.
[illegible], Miss L., T'bge. Wells.
[illegible], P. W., W. Dulwich.
[illegible], Miss P. G., Dundee.
[illegible], Mrs. E., Leicester.
Roylance, T. H., Crewe.
Rudd, F., Luton.
Rump, S. H., Norwich.
Russell, A., Hr. Broughton, M'ter.
Russell, J., Springburn, Gl'w.
Russell, J., Edinburgh.
Ruxton, C. E., Arbroath.
Ryland, Lt.-Col. H. G., Cornhill.
Ryley, A. E., Ayr, N.B.

[illegible], J., Kilburn.
[illegible], T., Clapton.
[illegible], Mrs., Thame.
Sanders, Mrs. W., St. Austell.
Sandiford, A. C., Belfast.
Sansom, A., Cullompton.
Saunders, A., W'hamton.
Saunders, T. B., Sandhurst.
Saunders, W., Adelphi.
[illegible], Miss M., Birmingham.
[illegible], E., Wyvenhoe.
[illegible], Mrs., Stoke, D'port.
Scotchmer, Mrs., Clapham Rd.
Scott, G., Fulham Rd., S.W.
Scott, J., Aberdeen.
Scott, Miss N., Partick.
Scott, Mrs., Catford.
Scott, W., Dansom Lane, Hull.
Seal, A. E., Hereford.
[illegible], Mrs. G. W., Rayleigh.
Seaward, F., Norbury.
[illegible], J. L., Hoddesdon.
Sedgwick, F., Handsworth, B'h'm.
Semple, W., Paisley.
[illegible], A., Cardiff.
Sharpe, A., Sparkbrook, B'ham.
Sharpe, R., Ampthill, Beds.
Shave, W. G., Greenwich.
[illegible], Miss, Wh. Range, M'ter.
Shelley, T., Hailsham.
[illegible], H. S., Deal.
Sherratt, J., Birmingham.
Shepherd, H., Hurstpierpoint.
Sheppard, F., Harrogate.
[illegible], Mrs., Portsmouth.
[illegible], Mrs., Lincoln.
[illegible], A., Hathersage.
Simmonds, R. E., Hitchin, Herts.
Simpson, A., Halesworth.
Simpson, J., Old Trafford, M'ter.
Simpson, J. F. K., Penarth, C'diff.
Simpson, W. M., Southall.
Sinclair, R. W., Glasgow.
[illegible], Miss E., Cardiff.
Skilton, C., Pembroke Dock.
Sladen, V. H., Caterham Valley.
Slight, G. A., Edinburgh.
[illegible], W., Blackheath, B'ham.
Smallwood, R. C., Hitchin, Herts.
Smart, A., Stoke Newington.
[illegible], J., Alton, Hants.
[illegible], Miss, Sevenoaks.
Smith, A., Maidenhead.
Smith, Miss A. M., Edinburgh.
Smith, A., [illegible], N.B.
Smith, C., Kensington, L'pool.
Smith, C., Kilbirnie.
Smith, Mrs. E., Birkdale, Lancs.
Smith, F. G., Kilmarnock.
Smith, G., Bristol.
Smith, J., Liscard.
Smith, J. B., Clonliffe Rd., Dub.
Smith, J. H., Kilburn.
Smith, S., Troon, N.B.
Smith, T., Handsworth, B'ham.
Smith, W., Formby.
Sowerby, R., Stockton-on-Tees.
[illegible], S. W., Rochford.
Southgate, W. G., Ipswich.
Spencer, Miss E., Oxford.
[illegible], H. E., Caterham.
[illegible], Southwark B'ge. Rd.
Spooner, Mrs. J., Newport, Mon.
[illegible], A., Sydenham Hill Rd.
[illegible], W., Blackpool.
[illegible], P. G., Waverley Pk., S.E.
Stanbrook, R., Thornton Heath.
Stanley, S., Wolverhampton.
Stapleford, A., Breaston, nr. Derby.
[illegible], H., Kingston-on-T.
Steel, W. E., Beckenham.
[illegible], S., Lancaster.
Stephens, Miss D., Eastbourne.
Stephens, Mrs. M. B., Devonport.
Stephens, A. E., Devonport.
Stevens, F., Gordon St., Gl'w.
Stephenson, E. P., Dulwich.
Stevens, S., Nottingham.
Stewart, A., Farnham.
Stewart, R., Glasgow.
Stirling, T. H., Dennistoun, Gl'w.
Stockdale, J. H., W. Hartlepool.
Stocks, Mrs. T., Cullercoats.
Stone, R., Grays, Essex.
Stork, W. J., Leicester.
Straker, H., Chipstead.
Stredder, G. A., Seacombe, Ches.
[illegible], Miss M., Elland.
[illegible], Miss A., Hampstead.
[illegible], J., Bath.
[illegible], Miss, Oxford.
Suter, L., Arundel, Sussex.
Sutherland, J., Durness, N.B.
Sutherland, E., Aberdeen.
Swain, A. E., Thornton Heath.
Swale, W., Bognor.
Swale, W., Cork.
Swann, T. C., Catton, Norwich.
Sykes, R. H., Rawcliffe, Yorks.
Symes, Mrs. M., Bristol.
Symington, C. H., Boston, Lincs.

Taft, J. F., Wolverhampton.
Tanner, Mrs., Hornsey.
Tapp, S. J., Guernsey.
Tate, Mrs. [illegible], Leith.
Tate, C. F., Blackhill, Durham.
Taunton, B. G., Cirencester.
Taylor, Miss E. R., Hammersmith.
Taylor, T., Dudley.
Taylor, Miss F. B., Bristol.
Taylor, Miss E. G., B'head.
Taylor, Mrs., Manor Park.
Taylor, A. C., Sleaford.
Taylor, F. H., Hull.
Taylor, R. W., Barrow-in-Furness.
Taylor, W., Ayr, N.B.
Taylor, W. H., Gloucester.
Teasdale, W. G., Moseley, B'ham.
[illegible], F., Leicester.
[illegible], H., Glasgow.
Thomas, Miss M., Oxmore Vale.
Thomas, E., Rhondda, Glam.

Thomas, E., Bristol.
Thomas, W. H., Pwllheli.
Thompson, A. C. N., Canterbury.
Thompson, E., Raynes Pk.
Thompson, [illegible]-on-Tyne.
Thompson, W., Dover.
Thompson, W., Penrith.
[illegible], A. G., N'hampton.
[illegible], D. C., Heaton, Newc'le.
[illegible], Euston Square.
[illegible], Kensal Rise.
[illegible], Kettering.
[illegible], T., [illegible], Staffs.
Titcombe, W., Gillingham, Kent.
Tomlinson, H., Hull.
Tooke, C. A., Peckham.
Topham, J. P., Nottingham.
Tosh, H. M., Newtownbreda.
Treadwell, Mrs. D., Forest Hill.
Tucker, A., Peckham.
[illegible], D., Hornsey Rise.
Tunnell, Miss A., Guildford.
Turnbull, F., Withington, M'ter.
Turner, A. C., Folkestone.
Turner, A., Bradford.
Turner, H., Loughboro' Junc'n.
Turner, H. N., West Cross, Glam.
Twining, R. C., Bournville, B'h'm.
Tyson, Mrs. L., Bradford.
Tyson, Miss M. A., Ryde, I.W.

Ure, J., Leith, N.B.
Ure, W., Edinburgh.

Vale, R., Pontypool, Mon.
Vasey, G., Mansfield, Notts.
Vaughan, Mrs., Luton.
Vaughan, F., Birmingham.
Veale, Miss, Bristol.
Venn, Mrs., Finchley Lane.
Verry, C. T., Stamford.
Vincent, J., Weare, nr. Axbridge.

Wager, Miss B., Swindon, Wilts.
Waghorne, H., Rickmansworth.
Wagon, Mrs. E. L., Rochester.
Wainwright, F. J., W. Hampst'd.
Walden, H., Old Charlton.
Walker, A. E., Gateshead.
Walker, E. L., Bingley, Yorks.
Walker, S. J., Hinckley.
Walker, W., Nottingham.
Walker, W., Glasgow.
Walker, W. P., Manchester.
Wall, Miss F., Brierley Hill.
Wallace, F. H., Stourbridge.
Walley, A., Stoke-on-Trent.
Walley, Mrs. C., Hanley.
Walley, T., Annan, N.B.
Wallis, Miss O., Wood Green.
Walsh, J., Nottingham.
Walsh, T., Hull.
Walton, J., 393 Seven Sisters Rd.
Ward, E., Bishopston, Bristol.
Ward, H., Forest Gate.
Ware, Miss F. E., Liverpool.
Warner, S. W., Coventry.
Warren, F., Accrington.
Warren, G., Wood Green, N.
Warrell, W., Brighton.
Watling, H. S., Imber, Codford.
Watson, J., Pontefract.
Watts, E. J., Cleveancy.
Wearing, J., Manchester.
Webb, C., Acton.
Webb, M. E., Newport, Mon.
Weeks, F. G., Whitchurch.
Welfare, Mrs., Newcastle, Ire.
West, C. C., Harlesden.
West, S. K., 15 Wimpole St., W.
Westlake, F. C., Birmingham.
Westoby, C. F., Camborne.
Weston, Mrs., Catford Hill, S.E.
Westwood, T., Devonport.
Wetherall, Mrs., Buckhurst Hill.
Whattam, P. E., Ticehurst P.O.
Wheadon, H. G., Guernsey.
Wheeler, Mrs., Wandsworth.
Wheeler, J. H., Fulham, S.W.
Whelan, V. M., Templeogue.
Whirledge, M. E., Worcester.
White, Mrs., Kensington, L'pool.
White, C. B., Denmark Hill, S.E.
White, G. F., Coventry.
White, T. H., Guildford.
Whitehead, F., Old Fritton.
Whitelaw, J., jun., Glasgow.
Wightman, J., Glasgow.
Wilde, H., Stockport.
Williams, A. M., Norwich.
Williams, C., Cheltenham.
Wilkinson, T., Middlesbrough.
Willerton, G. W., Gt. Grimsby.
Williams, A., Chingford.
Williams, A., Aspull, Lancs.
Williams, Rev. D., Swansea.
Williams, Mrs. E., Luton.
Williams, E. G., Worcester.
Williams, H. G., Birmingham.
Williams, J., Southampton.
Williams, T., Ashton-on-Mersey.
Williamson, A., Burnley.
Williamson, A. J., Comberton.
Wilkinson, H., Mornington Rd.
Williamson, Miss K., Edinburgh.
Williamson, R., Leicester.
Williamson, R. M., Edinbugh.
Willis, Miss D., Blyth.
Wilson, A., Lr. Edmonton.
Wilson, E., Blackheath, S.E.
Wilson, C. A., Preston, Lancs.
Wilson, H., Hoylake, Cheshire.
Wilson, H. H., Clapham Park.
Wilson, H. J. W., Mortlake.
Wilton, G. W., 27 Moorgate St.
Wiltshire, F. A., Battersea.
Wingrove, C. N., Amersham.
Winstone, W. E., Highbury, N.
Withington, W., Nuneaton.
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Woodhouse, H., Middlesbro'.
Woodhouse, J. A., Manchester.
Woodward, F., New Cross, S.E.
Woolfe, F. S., Bermondsey, S.E.
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Woolridge, T. G., Hebden Bridge.
Wright, Miss A., Fairford, Glos.
Wright, Mrs. F. L., Harts Hill.
Wright, A. J., Fairfield, L'pool.
Wright, Mrs. E., Yarmouth.
Wright, R., Roundhay, Leeds.
Wright, E. R., Edinburgh.
Wright, W., Wandsworth Com.
Wrighton, L. B., Whitby, Yorks.
Wyness, F., Hoxton.

Yard, W., Pontymister, Mon.
Yates, W. J. T., Harrow-on-Hill.
Yearsley, J., Stoke-on-Trent.
Young, Mrs. A., Hamilton, N.B.
Young, Mrs. G. B., Carlisle.
Young, J. H., Handsworth, Staffs.
Young, S., Dublin.
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